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WHAT hue stands at the opposite extremity of the chromatic scale to the Red of ultra-Republicanism let Hay or Hundertpfund declare. Is it not Green? In the deepest shade of the tint, whatever it be, is Mr. Mac Farlane's new judgment of Italy written. There is more of the Scold than of the Solomon in it. The author is strong in that catalogue of epithets and symbols which is so strangely common to absolutist and ranters. Like other hot partizans, he proves his consistency by self-contradiction. In every page he points out how much Italy has improved since first he knew the land; and yet he argues against those who have desired to revolutionize her on the plea that she stands precisely where she did! From south to north—from Amalfi to Turin—he records the natural pleasure which he felt in observing unmistakable signs of progress. He found the rich universally better educated than formerly—the poor informed with new desires for material comforts. Even such nooks as Ischia have not, he assures us, escaped the contagion of the century. The *lazzaroni* of Naples (if we are to take his word for it) are not far from having become "fat and greasy citizens," with prudent thoughts in their brains and money in the bank. They have grown almost dull and discreet. Well and good:—but what can a reader satisfied with the improvements described as produced by the influence of absolutism make of a passage like the following, which graces the 227th page of Mr. Mac Farlane's first volume?—

The Liberals assure us that Italy is not what she was at the time of the Congress of Vienna. Popularly she is what she was then, and what she has been for many ages. Go out of any given capital or great town, and at a step you get into the twelfth century. Nay, without leaving capitals and great towns, visit their old popular quarters, and there you will find the habits, usages, thoughts, feelings, superstitions of the middle ages, scarcely touched by our boasted modern civilization and encyclopedical knowledge. It is so at Rome quite as much as at Naples, at Florence as much as at Rome, and at Turin and Milan perhaps even more than at Florence.

"Where shall we find the concord of these discords?" Let not Mr. Mac Farlane object that to simple a piece of cross-examination as the above savours of prejudice preparatory to a party-verdict as virulent as his own. He may be referred to our recent judgment [*Ath.* No. 1089] of Signor Mariotti's ill-tempered and flippant book (not forgetting its attack on Abate Gioberti, to be followed strangely soon by the author's countersigning the said *Abate's* petition for English intervention): he may be reminded that the *Athenæum* [No. 1089] had no scruple in characterizing Mr. Whiteside's treatise as a piece of ponderous commonplace. Those writers were "all for Liberalism,"—this one is all for Austrian Absolutism. But the three are alike illogical in their reasonings, careless in the collection of their evidence, and dogmatic in their preaching. It is with the temper of the traveller that we have to deal, not with his political philosophies. The latter may be pilloried or pensioned, tomahawked or set in high places by the *Thunderbolt*, the *Woolcock*, the *Plain Dealer* or the *Evil Speaker*, as pleaseth their several infallibilities.

It will suffice us to touch slightly on one or two of the passages of Mr. Mac Farlane's summer flight through Italy, on the strength of which he offers us the irrational reasonings above illustrated. Having left Constantinople primed with aversion to the movement and the movers thereof, our author embarked at Malta in a French Government steamer for Messina and Naples, along with "the fugitive son-and-heir of the Duke of Parma."

"This specimen of the Bourbon race [he says] differs widely from all that I have seen of that family, being very tall and very slim, and having an open and merry countenance. He had the appearance of a light-hearted, light-headed, careless young man; but as we looked at him we could not believe a tithe of the very bad stories which are current against him. Besides, I knew of old how unscrupulously and fearfully Italian political hatred exaggerates the defects of its opponents, never ceasing the work of denigration until it has converted them into monsters of vice."

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We will make room for a few of the sights of Messina.—

"We walked all over the city. At nearly every step I saw evidence of improvement; most of the houses were neatly stuccoed, several of the streets had been widened, various nuisances, with which I had been familiar, were entirely removed—it was a different town from that which I had known. But never before had I beheld a place presenting such a strange, wild, and thoroughly revolutionized aspect! The names of the streets were changed: there was 'Victory Street,' 'Liberty Street,' 'Strada Carlo Alberto,' &c.; and Ferdinand Street had been turned into 'Strada Pio Nono.' Every fellow we met was armed and wore some kind of uniform, though not one among them was well armed or well dressed, or carried his weapons like a soldier, or moved like a man that had been drilled. There were tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, barbers—all the artizans of Messina, and all the rabble who had no art at all, but had hitherto lived by that precarious resource which is called in London 'chancing it.' Of the rural population of the villages in the immediate neighbourhood, from the hills behind Messina and the shores of the straits, we saw scarcely one that was thus armed and attired. * * Those who were the best equipped of these National Guards wore a blouse of a coarse blue cotton stuff manufactured in the island, loose pantaloons of the same material, and a cloth cap with a broad scarlet band. But all manner of shakos and military caps met our sight, in shop windows, on stalls, and on the heads of men, boys and little children. There were caps enough to stock with fashions the fancy-cap warehouse of the world—caps of all cuts, colours, and shapes."

Arrived at Naples, Mr. Mac Farlane found the picturesque old *Corriboli* "clean gone," the "*Costituzione*" open, but the *Teatro di San Carlo* shut. Progress was visible everywhere; though some of the old hangers-on who were in the habit of enriching themselves by tourists—distressed by the stoppage of intercourse—were hoping that the miracle of *St. Januarius* would set everything right again and fill the hotels with English once more. To this succeeds a hearsay (and, of course, a veritable) account of the dis-

turbances at Naples in the spring of last year, together with a proportionally eager *tirade* against Lord Napier and Sir Edmund Lyons. Then we have an account of a *soirée* at the house of the "earliest, warmest, and most constant of my Italian friends, the Duke and Duchess of Atri,"—which gives Mr. Mac Farlane further occasion to inform us that "Mr. Whiteside never got a footing in Neapolitan society,—never was in that society at all." Instead of this "fling," it would have been more to the purpose had Mr. Mac Farlane noted the name of the prodigious violoncello player—one of the vassals of "our friend the Duchess,"—whom he panegyrizes as having exhibited at the Duchess's musical party, and who is sure, he adds, "to be heard of in England." The denunciatory spirit and carelessness as to obvious matters-of-fact combined in the above commission and omission are amusingly typical of Mr. Mac Farlane's manner as a traveller and a testimony-gatherer.

Allowing for this—or to speak more precisely, disallowing it to the full extent of a protest—our author's tour yields its pleasant pages of description. He left Naples for a circuit in the Abruzzi, previously to entering Rome. But it would seem as if an extra amount of preparation was called for on the part of those last year "taking to the road" in Italy.—

"We had taken our places in the *procaccia* or carriage which conveys the courier and his letter-bags to Popoli and Aquila in the Abruzzi; and we had been charged to be ready and at the post-office by ten o'clock. We were true to time, but could see nothing of the courier, nor hear any note of preparation for departure. We walked down towards the Molo, and up and down the street opposite the Castello Nuovo, and returned to our rendezvous: no courier, no drawn-out carriage, no signs of post-horses, and not a man or boy to speak to that could give an intelligible answer, or to tell us when we really were to start. We went to the corner of the Run Catalana, and dissipated a good half-hour in eating water-melons and gossiping with the thorough-bred Neapolitan (*uomo del Popolo*) who vended them. We then went back to the post-office, where a functionary or understrapper comforted us with a '*subito, Signori, subito*'—presently, presently. But still no sign of horses, or of the courier, or of his bags, without which there was no departing. As the clocks were striking the midnight hour we saw the mail-bags brought to the coach, and the courier coming out of a room under the archway. Now at last we are off. Not a bit of it! The courier made himself invisible again. My patience vanished with him, and I began to inquire, in the vernacular, and perhaps with some loudness of voice and a touch of Neapolitan gesticulation, what this irregularity and protracted delay could mean. '*Signori*,' said a fellow in a white nightcap, 'they are gone to refresh their souls with a mass.'—'Who are gone to mass at this hour?' said I.—'Don Pepino, and the postillion who is to drive you, and the gentleman who is to be your fellow-traveller as far as Sulmona,' responded white nightcap. 'But this is a strange hour for mass.'—'Niente affatto, not at all, please your Excellency: to-morrow, or to-day—for we are in it—is a grand festa of the holy and blessed Virgin, and mass must be heard by Christians, and there will be no time to hear it on the road, and Christians are Christians; and they do say that there are brigands out on the Abruzzi, and that people may get *accasi*—killed.' We had heard as much as the latter part of nightcap's speech before; but we had detected so many exaggerations and lies, that we had become incredulous to every report. I asked the man what church they had gone to for their mass. He told me that they had gone to no church at all; that there was a chapel for midnight masses in the post-office, as an indispensable part of the establishment; and he pointed to the door, a few yards from us, which led to it. We went, and found within that door a narrow staircase which smelt more strongly of tobacco and other fumes than of incense. We thought that we must have mistaken the direction,

but the tinkling of a priest's hand-bell reassured us. We ascended the stone staircase, and found a little chapel—not larger than a moderately sized English parlour—and a tall tapestry-dressed priest saying mass, and eight or ten people genuflecting and crossing themselves. Among these were our courier, postillion, and fellow-traveller. The three looked very solemn by the light of those midnight tapers, but, owing to an owliness of countenance natural to him, and never changing, the courier looked by far the most solemn of the three. Unless it be a *missa cantata*, no mass, whether at noonday or at midnight, lasts very long. We were soon out in the street—the horses then came up jingling their bells—the solemn courier ordered them to be put to, and when he had sworn an oath or two at some of the blundering half-asleep under-strappers—not neglecting our friend in the white nightcap—we were ensconced in the vehicle and were off. It was one o'clock in the morning of the 15th of August. Naples was all asleep in the broad moonlight when we left it. The light was so brilliant that we could see distinctly every object along the road—the villas and farmhouses, and groups of habitations of the peasantry, the tall elm trees running in interminable rows, with the vines hanging in festoons from the one to the other."

We must make room for a second "night-piece" sketched during the same journey.—

"Before we came to the entrance of the plain, or to the village Roccarasa, the sun went down; but the moon rose magnificently, and being now at the full, she gave us a soft, sweet, and yet brilliant light. The air was exquisitely cool and pure. We rolled along the excellent smooth road at an accelerated pace, and we were exhilarated and in a condition of perfect enjoyment when we came out at the other end of this lofty, table-land valley, and were beginning to descend into the deep Vall' Oscura. Here we heard firing. The postillion suddenly pulled up with a jerk which nearly sent us over a precipice: the courier called upon the Virgin and upon a saint or two, crossed himself, and gave other symptoms that his nerves were not heroically strung; our fellow-passenger, the silent Abruzzese, uttered a groan, but said not a word. We opened the carriage door and got out upon the road, which lay white and shining under the broad moon. Rap! rap! crash! The postillion said he had counted twenty-five distinct reports of fire-arms. The sounds all came from below—from the lowest depth of that obscure valley or dark chasm into which we were to descend, by a precipitous, difficult zigzag road. What were they about down there? What were we to do? To retrace our steps to Roccarasa would be unpleasant and very inconvenient. What would the people of that village know of the state of affairs in Vall' Oscura? If the robbers were out in force, it might be as dangerous to go backward as to go forward—if the dark valley were a Scylla, the bared rock might be our Charybdis. But the firing ceased; the valley sent up no other hostile sound: re-encouraged, and relying again on his past experience that brigands very rarely attacked his Majesty's mail-coaches, our cucuraja, in about a quarter of an hour, resolved to proceed. But we walked for a considerable time down the steep and always somewhat perilous zigzag road, stopping at each turn to listen, and to peer down into the black gulf below us. We could hear nothing but the dashing of a distant mountain torrent and the cool night breeze sighing among the trees and underwood; at the bottom of the valley we could see nothing but the tops of trees, and projecting rocks, and those we saw very indistinctly, as the abyss was nearly all in deep shade. At length, when the road became less steep and more direct, we got into the carriage again, and the postillion having removed the drag, mounted, cracked his whip, and drove on at a good round pace.—*Cosa sarà stato?* (What can it have been?) said I.—*Chi lo sa?* (Who knows?) said the courier.—*Ha, indeed, who knows?* said the taciturn Abruzzese, 'perhaps the clubs are fighting—perhaps . . . but who knows?' and here he gave utterance to a second groan. We soon did know: as we drove into the village of Pettorano at the bottom of the valley we found everybody up and out of doors, and saw some twenty or thirty national guardsmen, without uniform, but with mus-

the sindaco or chief magistrate of the village. These men were presently round our carriage, and their short stories in our ear. Ranieri's band had made a sudden, secret, night attack on the place, hoping to find the early villagers napping, to make bloody reprisals for the cruel death of their chief, and to recover some of his spoils which had been taken out of his wife's dwelling. But, not being without apprehension of an invasion of the sort, some of the villagers were wide awake, the robbers were seen as they were stealing in; the alarm was given, the guard turned out, and then, as one of them assured us himself, they fought valorously—*siamo combattuti valorosamente*. As such reports implied a hot and close combat, we tenderly inquired after the wounded. Not a man had been hit, scratched, or touched; the villagers were all in *statu quo ante bellum*. They thought that they must have hit one or two of the robbers. The probabilities of the case are that the brigands had fled at the first alarm, and that the valorous guard had been firing in the empty air. We drove on again."

With *Pio Nono* as he was in 1848 Mr. Mac Farlane has no lively sympathy. The inventory of his personal attractions drawn out in the following extract is not the work of a loving hand. Mr. Mac Farlane joined those who assembled at the door of the Quirinal to see His Holiness come out.—

"Now is the time," said our attentive Swiss; 'go up to the door, and you will get a near view of the Santo Padre, and see him come out and enter his coach.' We walked up the colonnade, but hesitated to make too close an approach, until we saw three or four old women and a few men of the poorest order of the people go straight up to the carriage and the palace steps without being challenged or interrupted by any one. In a few seconds Pius IX. came slowly out of the palace in the midst of a number of prelates, who hung close round him. On the upper step he raised his hand in sign of the usual benediction; but few, indeed, were those on whom the blessing fell. One of the old women knelt down and held up a petition. This occasioned a brief stop, and the stopping caused an evident alarm among those who were in the rear or inside the hall. One of the secretaries took the paper; then Pius made almost a rush into the carriage, the secretary and two other gentlemen got in after him, and presently, and in mournful silence, the procession slowly moved across the square, His Holiness being preceded by three carriages, and followed by a like number. It might have been taken for a funeral procession. We reached the outer gate of the palace before the carriages, and saw them roll across the open plateau of Magno Cavallo. There was hardly a soul in that Piazza which, a few months before, used to be crowded from morning till night by people eager to see the Pope and to shout 'Viva Pio Nono' whenever he appeared. Now there was no 'Viva': none said 'God bless him.' Of the few present, some sneered; the rest showed the most complete indifference—all but one old man, whose eyes moistened and lips quivered; he would have said 'Viva,' but dared not do it. The mounted guard hung closely round the Pope's carriage, sabre in hand: a thin, pale, dark ecclesiastic, in black—resembling one of Titian's well-known portraits of an old Venetian priest—looked anxiously out at the carriage-window. In the street which leads down from the Quirinal Mount there were some Roman citizens and national guardsmen, of whom hardly a man had the grace to touch his hat. On entering that street the carriages were driven on with very unecclesiastical speed, and the Pope's vehicle disappeared from our sight in the midst of flashing swords. *Sic transit!* We thought both the person and countenance of the sovereign Pontiff—who, if not a remarkable man, is a man of remarkable adventures—somewhat coarse, heavy, and plebeian. His face is very like his medals and medallions, and the common plaster casts and lithographs; but in the best of the medals the countenance is idealized and improved. They say that when he is animated his countenance clears up and becomes very expressive. As we saw it, it was certainly dull and common. The face was fat and sallow; not the good, deep, rich Italian olive, but rather of the colour of

the oil press. His form was obese, and, as he stepped into his carriage, he exhibited a broad flat foot in white satin shoes, and a pair of ankles of portentous dimensions. The Pope looked drowsy. The Romans said that he was in bad health, and subject to epileptic fits. His robes seem to hang about him as if they did not belong to him or had not been made for him. How different the Ninth from the Seventh Pius!"

Our tourist makes a depressing enumeration of deeds of Vandalism enacted at Pompeii, Rome, Pisa, and elsewhere, by the Italian liberals. Reasoning by analogy, we venture to hope that these matters are made the worst of. But in any case we take leave to remind him that such things have been as the wilful defacing or mutilation of treasures of Art in church and convent by the reverend subjects of absolutism out of sheer ignorance or animal regard to creature comforts. What doors have been cut that my Lord Prior might glide in stealthily—what walls have been run up that no rude air might visit his tenderness as he sat fasting or feasting—what altar-pieces have been fouled past cleansing by the taper smoke of illuminations on the occasion of some *funzione*, or cabined up "out of sight out of mind" behind some flaring *Madonna* in her heavily weighted hoop-petticoat—what *frescoes* have been laid open to the rain because the lead of protecting roof or diverting spout was wanted for some more practical use! As we write, there rises before us the semi-embuted good-humoured Friar who ought to have had in care the beautiful and interesting *frescoes* of Luini at his convent in Lugano—and who could not be persuaded by any inquiry, or inoculated by our interest, into imagining for one passing second that those wall-pictures were worth the attention of reasonable beings,—however potently they might attract frantic Englishmen and others. In Florence it would seem that the fraternities are for the moment learning more about arms than about arts.—

"In the church of Santa Maria Novella [says Mr. Mac Farlane] when we were looking for the greatest picture of Cimabue, people came flocking in, the silver bell rang, and mass commenced in two or three parts of the church. Not to offend any religious feeling, we gave up our search, and walked out into the nearest of the several cloistered squares of the monastery. But we had been there a very few seconds ere we were startled by a loud rattle of drums, which must have been nearly as audible to those who remained at the mass as to us, for a side-door of the church was wide open, and so were some of the windows. One of the Dominican monks passed hurriedly through the cloisters. We asked what that noise meant, but he was gloomy and taciturn, and would give us no answer. The tinkle of the mass bell was heard on one side and the loud drumming continued on the other. We walked out of those cloisters and through a long passage and other cloisters (where some of the monks were chanting the offices), and came upon a more spacious quadrangle, on the four sides of which were other cloisters, and over the cloisters the cells of the monks. In the open space there were between fifty and sixty 'hopes of the country' learning to march to the sound of the drum. The greater part of these hopefuls were mere children, but they had two solemnly bearded men acting as instructing officers, and they had two of the most strenuous and loudest of drummers. The exercise consisted solely in marching or moving and trying to keep step, the last being something which very few of the little urchins could do at all, having never practised their 'goose-step.' Formations, or even a plain single line, were quite out of the question: yet this child's play was the only species of military exercise we ever witnessed among the citizen soldiers. One would have thought that they might have played in that soldiers elsewhere and at a different time from that of mass on a Sabbath morning. One would have fancied that they would have been altogether ashamed of such a caricature of the art military,

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four or five shillings a day, exclusive of his keep. Although hay is not always to be had, I never failed getting good oats at the inns, and good grass, so that a horse is never at a loss. From Tain or Invergordon the best route to the north of Sutherland is to Ardgay, near Bonar Bridge; a good inn and excellent landlord. From thence to Lairg is eleven miles. At Lairg is another excellent inn, in a most beautiful situation. Lairg to Aultnaharrow, twenty-two miles; thence to Tongue, seventeen miles; Tongue to Durness, eighteen miles, with a resting inn at Heilam Ferry, or Loch Erriboll, about halfway. At Durness I should be content to pass many a day. The inn is one of the best in Sutherland, and the landlady, Mrs. Ross, makes her visitors as comfortable as they can desire; at the same time her charges are as moderate as the most economical traveller could wish."

And so we go the round of "the Duke's county."—We have little to do with a book like this but detach a few of the pictures, which will tempt many besides ourselves to the county, or, at least, to the chronicle of its pleasures. Mr. St. John does not say much in praise of Sutherlandshire weather:—and this is wise. But, indeed, unless the pedestrian or sportsman wends his way southward, he must take his sun with him. Meanwhile, our author makes so much of the "three-hundred and sixty-five" ways of wearing a plaid (an accomplishment to be learnt, of course, in the district, as one learns how to dance the *Polero* in Spain,—how to play at *Pallone* in Italy,—and how to walk on stilts in the *Landes* of Southern France) as almost—in print—to reconcile us to the chilliest and most catarrhal of climates.

To begin with the pleasures of Sutherlandshire:—that county has its serenaders as well as King Street St. James's in London, or a Venetian *Riva*. How people of a quick temperament are to manage to sleep in summer is not revealed to us; but this is the sort of concert which regales them after they have crossed the beautiful green strath of Strathnaver, and arrived at Aultnaharrow.—

"The nights at this season are most enjoyable; in fact, there is no darkness. I went out of the inn at midnight, and was much amused at hearing the different cries of the birds. Close to the door is a small enclosed clump of larch, where the grass and weeds are very high and rank. In this little patch it seems that a sedge warbler had made her nest. All day long had the male bird been singing to his mate, and now at midnight he was still uttering unceasingly his merry note: I never met with so indefatigable a songster; night or day he seemed never to weary. Towards the loch a constant tumult was kept up amongst the waders and waterfowl. High in the air was heard the common snipe, earning his Gaelic name of 'air goat' by his incessant bleating cry; while redshanks, curlews, golden plovers, and peewits, all seemed to be as lively as if it had been noon instead of midnight; occasionally, too, both widgeon and teal were heard to whistle each after its own peculiar fashion; and the quack of the common mallard was also constant. Now and then a note expressive of alarm was uttered by some bird, and immediately a dead silence was kept by the whole community for a few moments; but this was soon succeeded by greater noise than ever, particularly amongst the peewits, which seemed by their cries to be darting about the head of some intruder or enemy. Probably on these occasions a fox, wild cat, or owl had made his appearance amongst them in search of tender food for his own young ravaging brood. Though I had to rise very early, I betook myself to bed with great regret, and left the window open, in order to hear the serenade of the sedge warbler to the last moment of being awake."

At Rhiconnich any gentleman desirous of stalking the osprey will find plenty of work cut out for him. Two or three miles thence, Mr. St. John heard of a lake where the bird was said to build.—

"The way to it was far too rocky and steep to take the boat, so we only took my swimming belt,

as Dunbar offered to swim out to the nest, if not too far from the shore. We had a very rough walk of the longest two miles that I ever met with. Our route was over a continuous range of rocky ground—so broken that we seldom found a flat place to put our feet on. We did not find the right lake immediately, but at last saw from a height a larger piece of water than any we had hitherto passed, and at some two hundred yards from the shore there was the conical-shaped rock, which the osprey always seems to choose for her nesting place. On examining the rock with the glass we immediately saw the nest, and the white head of the bird in the middle of it. Our troubles were instantly forgotten, and although rather fagged before, we made our way over the rocks with new-found vigour. The unwillingness of the old bird to leave the nest showed that she had young ones. While Dunbar prepared to take the water, I went round to watch for a shot at the old bird. I presently saw nothing but my fellow-traveller's head, as he swam gallantly out to the rock: the old osprey flew in wide circles round and round, at a considerable height, screaming loudly at the unexpected intrusion on her domain; sometimes she swooped half-way down to the water, but still cautiously keeping at a safe distance. Before many minutes had elapsed we saw the male bird sailing high in the air, straight to the loch; on hearing the cries of his mate he seemed to quicken his flight, and soon joined her, carrying a trout in his talons. The two birds then sailed round and round the water with loud cries. When they saw Dunbar perched on their hitherto unassailed rock, and looking like a statue on a pedestal, their excitement became greater and greater; the male dropped his trout, and they both dashed wildly to and fro, sometimes at a great height and sometimes taking a rapid circuit of the lake, within half a gunshot of the water. The next thing I saw was my adventurous companion striking out for the shore, with his cap in his teeth. In the nest he found a half-grown young bird and an unhatched egg, both of which he brought safely to land."

We are obliged to break off in the middle of the sport; being desirous to show the lover of Nature in what manner fowl more stolid than the sea-eagle are made game of. The scene of the next passage is the Island of Handa, some four miles from Scowrie.—

"Having run our boat into a small sandy creek, we landed. Here, as everywhere round the coast, is a fishing station of Mr. Hogarth's, if a hut, the summer residence of two forlorn fishermen, can be called a fishing station. We borrowed another coil of ropes from these men, and proceeded to the northern side of the island, where the perpendicular rocks form the breeding-places of the sea-fowl. The distance across the island I should reckon at nearly two miles, and it is a continued slope of green pasture. I passed several huts, the former inhabitants of which had all left the place a few weeks before; and, notwithstanding the shortness of the time, the turf walls were already tenanted and completely honeycombed by countless starlings, who seemed not the least shy, but on the contrary kept their ground, and chattered away as if they looked on me as an intruder on what they had already established their right to. Leaving them in undisturbed possession, I continued my way on to the north side, and in due time arrived on the summit of the cliffs which stretch the whole length of the island; and there was a sight which would alone repay many a weary mile of travel. Every crevice and every ledge of the rock were literally full of guillemots and razor-bills, while hundreds of puffins came out of their holes under the stones near the summit of the cliffs to examine and wonder at us. The guillemots stood in long lines along the shelves of the rocks, frequently within a few feet of the top whence we were looking at them. With a kind of foolish expression these birds looked at us, but did not take the trouble to move. The razor-bills, though equally tame, seemed more ready to take flight, if we had been inclined to assail them. When I fired off my gun, not at, but over, the birds, the guillemots only ducked their heads, and then looked up at us; whereas most of the razor-bills took a short flight out to sea, but quickly returned again to their perch

on the rocks. Being provided with plenty of ropes, two stout boatmen, and also a slender-looking lad, who had volunteered to accompany us, having the repute of a good cragsman, we lowered the latter over the top in order to procure a few eggs. I was amazed at the confidence and ease with which the lad made his way from shelf to shelf, and crevice to crevice of the precipices. From habit and custom he seemed to be as much at his ease as if he had been on fair terra firma. As for the birds, they would scarcely move, but just stepped out of reach, croaking at him with their peculiar note. Each bird has a single egg of a size so large as to appear quite disproportionate. The eggs are of all colours, and marked in a thousand fantastic manners, sometimes with large blotches of deep brown or black, sometimes speckled slightly all over, and others having exactly the appearance of being covered with Arabic characters. The prevailing groundwork of the eggs is greenish blue, but they vary in different shades from that colour to nearly white. The egg is placed on the bare rock, with no attempt at a nest; and it was very amusing to see the careful but awkward-looking manner in which the old bird on her return from the sea got astride, as it were, of her egg, spreading her wings over it, and croaking gently all the time. Occasionally an egg would get knocked off by some bird in taking flight from the rock, to the great indignation of its owner."

This Peregrine pair must have had much the same effect as a couple of ranting hussars would produce in the midst of a peaceable assembly of plain Friends!—Having accidentally begun among the birds, we will end also ornithologically, and treat our readers to a day's ptarmigan shooting from Mr. St. John's second volume.—

"Before daylight I was up, and making my toilette by the light of a splinter of bog fir. The operation did not take long, nor did it extend beyond the most simple and necessary acts. The 'gude wife' had prepared me rather an elaborate breakfast of porridge, tea, and certain undeniably good barley and oat cakes, flanked by the remains of my supper, eggs, &c. As Donald seemed not to like the expedition, I left him at the hut, with strict injunctions to procure enough black game or grouse to form our supper and next day's breakfast. The shepherd took down a single-barrel gun, of prodigious length and calibre, tied together here and there with pieces of string; and having twisted his plaid round him and lit his pipe, was ready to accompany me. So, having put up some luncheon in case we were out late, we started. The sun was not up as we crossed the river on the stepping-stones which the shepherd had placed for that purpose, but very soon the mountain-tops were gilded by its rays, and before long it was shining brightly on our backs as we toiled up the steep hillside. My companion, who knew exactly which was the easiest line to take, led the way; deeply covered with snow as the ground was, I should without his guidance have found it impossible to make my way up to the heights to which we were bound. 'I'm no just liking the look of the day either, Sir,' was his remark, 'but still I think it will hold up till near night; we should be in a bonny pass if it came on to drift while we were up yonder.'—'A bonny pass, indeed!' was my inward ejaculation. However, depending on his skill in the weather, and not expecting myself that any change would take place till nightfall, although an ominous-looking cloud concealed the upper part of the mountain, I went on with all confidence. Our object was to reach a certain shoulder of the hill, not far from the summit, from which the snow had drifted when it first fell, leaving a tolerably-sized tract of bare stones, where we expected to find the ptarmigan basking in the bright winter sun. It was certainly hard work, and we felt little of the cold, as we laboured up the steep hill. Perseverance meets with its reward; and we did at last reach the desired spot, and almost immediately found a considerable pack of ptarmigan, of which we managed to kill four brace before they finally took their flight round a distant shoulder of the hill, where it was impossible to follow them. An eagle dashed down at the flock of birds as they were going out of our sight, but, as we saw him rise upwards again empty-handed, he must have missed his aim. By this time it was near mid-day, and the

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clouds were gathering on the mountain-top, and gradually approaching us. We had taken little note of the weather during our pursuit of the birds, but it was now forced on our attention by a keen blast of wind which suddenly swept along the shoulder of the mountain, here and there lifting up the dry snow in clouds. 'We must make our way homewards at once,' said I. 'Deed, ay! it will no be a canny night,' was the shepherd's answer. Just as we were leaving the bare stones a brace of ptarmigan rose, one of which I knocked down: the bird fell on a part of the snow which sloped downwards towards a nearly perpendicular cliff of great height: the slope of the snow was not very great, so I ran to secure the bird, which was fluttering towards the precipice: the shepherd was some little distance behind me, lighting his everlasting pipe; but when he saw me in pursuit of the ptarmigan he shouted at us to stop: not exactly understanding him, I still ran after the bird, when suddenly I found the snow giving way with me, and sliding 'en masse' towards the precipice. There was no time to hesitate, so, springing back with a power that only the emergency of the case could have given me, I struggled upwards again towards my companion. How I managed to escape I cannot tell, but in less time than it takes to write the words I had retraced my steps several yards, making use of my gun as a stick to keep myself from sliding back again towards the edge of the cliff. The shepherd was too much alarmed to move, but stood for a moment speechless; then recollecting himself he rushed forward to help me, holding out his long gun for me to take hold of. For my own part, I had no time to be afraid, and in a few moments was on terra firma, while a vast mass of snow which I had set in motion rolled like an avalanche over the precipice, carrying with it the unfortunate ptarmigan. I cannot describe my sensations on seeing the danger which I had so narrowly escaped: however, no time was to be lost, and we descended the mountain at a far quicker rate than we had gone up it. The wind rose rapidly, moaning mournfully through the passes of the mountain, and frequently carrying with it dense showers of snow. The thickest of these showers however, fell above where we were, and the wind still came from behind us, though gradually veering round in a manner which plainly showed us that it would be right a-head before we reached home. Every moment brought us lower, and we went merrily on, though with certain anxious glances occasionally to windward. Nor was our alarm unfounded, for just as we turned an angle of the mountain, which brought us within view of the shepherd's house perched on the opposite hill-side, with a good hour's walk and the river between us and it, we were met by a blast of wind and a shower of snow, half drifting and half falling from the clouds, which took away our breath and nearly blew us both backwards, shutting out the view of everything ten yards from our faces. We stopped and looked at each other. 'This is geyan sharp,' said the shepherd, 'but we must n't lose a moment's time, or we shall be smothered in the drift; so come on, Sir:—' and on we went. Bad as it was, we did not dare to stop for its abating, and having fortunately seen the cottage for a moment, we knew that our course for the present lay straight down the mountain. After struggling on for some time we came to a part of the ground which rather puzzled us, as instead of being a steep slope it was perfectly flat; a break, however, in the storm allowed us to see for a moment some of the birch trees on the opposite side of the river, which we judged were not far from our destination. The river itself we could not see, but the glimpse we had caught of the snows guided us for another start, and we went onwards as rapidly as we could until the storm again closed round us, with such violence that we could scarcely stand upright against it. We began now at times to hear the river, and we made straight for the sound, knowing that it must be crossed before we could reach home, and hoping to recognize some bend or rock in it which would guide us on our way. At last we came to the flat valley through which the stream ran, but here the drift was tremendous, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we got to the water's edge. When there, we were fairly puzzled by the changed aspect of everything; but suddenly the evening became lighter and the drifting snow not quite so dense. We saw that we should soon be

able to ascertain where we were, so we halted for a minute or two, stamping about to keep ourselves from freezing. My poor dog immediately crouched on our feet, and curling himself up laid down; in a few moments he was nearly covered with the snow: but the storm was evidently ceasing, at any rate for a short time, and very soon a small bit of blue sky appeared overhead, but in a moment it was again concealed by the flying shower. The next time, however, that the blue sky appeared, it was for a longer period, and the snow entirely ceased, allowing us to see our exact position; indeed we were very nearly opposite the house, and within half a mile of it. The river had to be crossed, and it was impossible to find the stepping-stones: but no time was to be lost, as a fresh drift began to appear to windward; so in we went, and dashed through the stream, which was not much above knee-deep, excepting in certain spots, which we contrived to avoid. The poor dog was most unwilling at first to rise from his resting-place, but followed us well when once up. We soon made our way to the house, and got there just as another storm came on, which lasted till after dark, and through which, in our tired state, we never could have made our way. Donald and the shepherd's family were in a state of great anxiety about us, knowing that there would have been no possible means of affording us assistance, had we been bewildered or wearied out upon the mountain. The shepherd himself was fairly knocked up, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to take either food or drink, or even to put off his frozen clothes, before flinging himself on his bed. For my own part I soon became as comfortable as possible, and slept as soundly and dreamlessly as such exercise only can do. I must candidly confess, however, that I made an inward vow against ptarmigan shooting again upon snow-covered mountains."

What we have given will amply satisfy the world that these volumes are pleasant reading. It will further be gathered from the above notice that they are a miscellany rather than a connected or cut-and-dry narrative or description. Let us represent to Mr. St. John and Mr. Murray that in the event of the book reaching a second edition a slight map of the country would add to the interest of the work:—which, though not a professed guide-book, will be consulted by summer tourists and by autumn gamesters with an eye to future operations upon the puffins, the ospreys, and the other "great and small deer" of the shire.

Six Months' Service in the African Blockade, from April to October 1848, in command of H.M.S. Bonetta. By Commander Forbes, R.N. Bentley.

HASTILY written, this new work of the author of 'Five Years in China' has little merit as a piece of literary composition; but it contains the latest authenticated intelligence from the African Bights now before the English reader, —and by all those who take an interest in the progress of the slave question will not fail to be read. It is now sufficiently clear that our costly experiment of a coast blockade has failed. The trial, however, was worth making, —and the mere attempt will do us honour in the judgments of history. We have, for ourselves, repudiated the sin; and though our efforts have not been crowned with success, we have endeavoured as far as in us lay the power to compel others to respect the sacred rights of the human being. We have, it seems, been striving to compass the impossible: and as we were bound to persevere so long as a hope remained of effecting our purpose, so are we now that the trial has ended in failure bound to abandon a mistaken course. It is clear now that so long as the African chiefs—men who represent the feelings and express the ideas and wants of their people—have slaves to sell, and the Brazilian merchants have the desire to purchase them, the trade will continue. Every

account which arrives from the blockading squadron goes to show that our watchings and searchings have rendered the position of the unfortunate captives worse than ever, without diminishing their numbers. Let the reader compare any of the old accounts of the slave trade—before the two great European powers interfered in arms—with the following notes of Commander Forbes.—

"The slave, when offered for sale, passes the same examination that a horse, or other animal, would, with regard to his soundness, &c., in wind and limb; nor is it difficult to discover whether he has been refractory or not. If purchased, the slave is imprisoned in a barracoon, a shed made of heavy piles, driven deep into the earth, and lashed together with bamboos, thatched with palm leaves. If the barracoon be a large one, there is a centre row of piles; along each line of piles is a chain, and at intervals of about two feet is a large neck-link, in one of which each slave is padlocked. Should this method be deemed insufficient, two, and sometimes, in cases of great strength, three, are shackled together; the strong man being placed between two others, and heavily ironed, and often beaten half to death beforehand to ensure his being quiet. The walls of the barracoon extend from four to six feet high, and between them and the roof is an opening about four feet, for the circulation of air. The floor is planked, not from any regard to comfort to the slave, but because a small insect, being in the soil, might deteriorate the merchandise, by causing a cutaneous disease. Night and day these barracoons are guarded by armed men: the slightest insubordination is immediately punished. Twice a day all but the most refractory are allowed out in the frontage, for the purpose of feeding, washing, and performing other offices: after each meal they are obliged to dance for exercise. Should the slave be shipped from the first barracoon, terrific horrors are saved; but if, on the other hand, the blockade is well kept up, hundreds of them are marched together considerable distances along the sea-coast, for more convenient places of shipment. In these marches dozens die of thirst, being whipped up to the last moment. A river is always made available, canoes being transported thither, and these chance-streams become the Lethe of Tartarus to the resuscitated slaves. When a chance offers for shipping, they are driven into the boats, and at considerable risk are pulled on board. It not unfrequently happens, that one of these boats is capsized, and some hundreds of victims are drowned. Sometimes, the blockade being well kept, it is impossible for the factors to lead a vessel for months: the misery endured by the slave during this time can only be imagined. Constantly marched backwards and forwards, a distance of seventy and eighty miles, from the increase of expense, and frequently from the absolute want of provision, they are half starved; or, perhaps (as was the case in 1847, to the number of 2,000), they are murdered for want of provisions to keep them."

The horrors of the "middle passage" have often been described: but they are too instructive to be passed over when spoken of by a competent witness, not given to exaggeration or false painting for the sake of scenic effects. Commander Forbes has told us how the captives are treated before being taken on board:—let us hear how they are managed in this stage of their severe trials.—

"On the slaves being received, the largest men are picked out (if not sent with bad characters) as head-men, and these, dividing the slaves into gangs, according to the size of the vessel, of from ten to twenty, keep them in order. The slave deck is divided into two unequal parts, the greater for the men, the other for women and children, and between the sexes no communication takes place during the voyage. The stowage is managed entirely by the head-men, who take care that the largest slaves shall be farthest from the ship's sides, or from any position in which their strength might avail them, to secure a larger space than their neighbours. The form of stowage is, that the poor wretch shall be seated on the hams, and the head thrust between the knees, and so close that when one moves the mass must.

In this state, nature's offices are performed, and frequently, from the maddened passions of uncivilized men, a fight ensues between parties of two nations, whose warlike habits have filled the slave-ship—like prisoners each to the other's ruler, and all sold to the same factor. In one instance, a brig, the *Isabella II.*, taken by *H.M.S. Sappho*, in 1838, had been chased off the coast for three days, and when the hatches were opened, starvation had maddened, and assisted by a regular battle between the Akooos and Eboos, had destroyed two hundred human beings. This state of misery works, in a measure, its own cure. Fevers and cutaneous diseases, consequent on the crowded state of the decks, carry off sometimes hundreds, and leave to the survivors at least room enough. In the West Indies, vessels taken from Africa offer a most deplorable picture, many of the slaves being in dreadful agonies, from a loathsome cutaneous disease, yelet the *kraskras*. It commences like the itch, between the fingers, &c., but, unless checked, it runs into ulcers of enormous size, and, from extreme irritation, often proves fatal. Should a mutiny break out, the cowardly nature of the dastards employed at once breaks forth, frequently decimating the whole, hanging some, shooting others, and cutting and maiming just sufficient to hinder a recurrence on board, and yet not to spoil the sale of the article."

We ought to recollect that many of these evils have been caused—all of them increased—by the well-meant but, as it turns out, misdirected philanthropy of France and England. Frigates have no chance against the ignorance, dishonesty, and avarice of the native potentates. Commander Forbes describes the King of Cape Mount as a kind of model African—and here are a batch of anecdotes illustrative of His Majesty's character—

"*H.M.S. Amphitrite* visited Cape Mount, and King Cain visited the *Amphitrite*. Received by salute and guard, he retired into the captain's cabin where, throwing off the monarch, he condescended to converse on various matters. The whim of the moment led an officer, who sat next to him, to bargain for the royal robes; and, after a short discussion, the king received a quantity of pretty glazed printed calico. The Mandingo dress was to be retained until the salute was over, and honours had been paid on his departure. Relying on the royal word, the officer left the captain's cabin, and descended to his mess to dinner, which he had scarcely commenced when the guns fired, and, reaching the deck, he found king and calico both gone, and neither did he see again. When we paid him a visit, on leaving his interior town, a bottle of wine had been stowed away, deep in the recesses of a market basket. The king anxiously inquired if any more could be spared, and was told that only one bottle remained, and that that was reserved. A halt before wishing him good-bye occurred. When, in the heat of the day, we sought our bottle it was gone: the king had abstracted it! Three of his wives accompanying us in an excursion, the doctor observing the arm of one of these ladies to be decorated with an English half-crown, had two others slung, and presenting them to the king, asked him to deliver them to the other two. He expressed his willingness, provided a third was given, as the other might be jealous. A short time afterwards, having some monetary transactions on shore, one of these half-crowns was given as change. King Cain, so called by English visitors, was a man about eight-and-twenty, tall, well-built, and for a black handsome. At his birth he had been called Zénah. Becoming a member of the secret society called the Pourra (of which in its place) he took the name of Bahi, by a contraction of Bahi-zénah, which might be called his country name. On his conversion he took the Mahomedan name of Bryhemah (Abraham), and being a warrior went to battle as Tumbah. He was a clever man, and had he lived his family might have been the means of spreading civilization over that part of Africa. Already he had four sons at Christian, and two at Mahomedan schools. His life had been passed as a warrior, and being brave, he was generous, and although surrounded by enemies, he was seldom the aggressor."

It is impossible not to feel certain misgivings as to the sort of "civilization" which such a

man could have introduced at Cape Mount, had he not been slain for his show of favour to things European unknown to the customs of his ancestors.

There is in reality but one spot on the whole African coast, from Sierra Leone to Cape Mesurada, where a spark of true civilization is to be found; and that is in the new Republic of Liberia—originally an American settlement. As the eyes of European philanthropists and American statesmen have been lately much attracted to this colony, it may be useful to extract Commander Forbes's account of it—

"The free and independent state of Liberia was first purchased from the Dahie tribe, by the American Colonization Society, in the year 1823, for the following extraordinary price, in commodities:—1 hd. of tobacco, 1 puncheon of rum, 50 pieces of cloth, 25 kegs of powder, 1 box of muskets. Shortly after they were in possession, they began to feel the oppression of their neighbours, and had to add a few light presents to the above to purchase peace. At that period the colony was small, but it has now wonderfully increased, extending from Little Cape Mount (with but small exception) to Cape Palmas, and said to contain, including the Aborigines, eighty thousand inhabitants. The emigrants are mostly free men of colour from the United States, who (says the first president, Mr. Roberts), 'wearied with beating the air to advance themselves to equal immunities with the whites in that country, and tired of the oppression which weighs them down there, seriously turn their attention to Liberia as the only asylum they can flee to and be happy.' Many of them are liberated slaves sent out by the Colonization Society, of which Colonel Hicks is the Vice-President. These emigrants have a free passage, and are maintained by the society for six months after landing. At the expiration of that time, they are thrown upon their own resources, and many do well for themselves, while others starve, being too lazy to work. As the colony increased, levies of duties, &c., were deemed requisite; these the British traders refused to pay, the American Government, by treaty, not being allowed to colonize in Africa. The consequence was, that, considering themselves sufficiently strong, the new state determined to establish a free government, and accordingly, on the 29th of July, 1847, by a most unanimous resolution, they threw off all yoke, and declared the freedom of their country, under the title of the Republic of Liberia. They assumed the American flag, with the exception of the stars, the Liberian only having one large star in the blue jack. The president's chair was offered to, and accepted by, the former governor, J. J. Roberts, Esq., a mulatto; then a vice-president, secretary of state, board of customs, and two houses of representatives (the senate and the representatives) were constituted. Besides these, each county has its local offices of justices of peace, judge of the quarter sessions, notary public, &c. The military is based on the most free principle, inasmuch as garrison duty, or anything but the fighting itself, is considered beneath the dignity of a soldier to perform. But such does not appear to be, in the president's opinion, the proper bearing of a soldier of the Republic. 'When a number of men,' says he, 'are acting together in a body, if one falls back to load while another advances himself to fire, the consequences of such interferences will be, as has always been found to be, that they will wound and destroy more of one another than the enemy. It is therefore absolutely necessary that the militia learn to load and fire at the same time, or as nearly together as possible, &c.' They are allowed to purchase their own uniforms and keep themselves, except when actually in action. After the action or service is over, they are rewarded, sometimes by a grant of money, at others by a public dinner. The title of honourable is assumed by nearly all civilians in office, and military rank by the military. Thus, every man of any pretensions in the Republic is either the Hon. Hillary Teague, &c., or Colonel Capon, General, &c. The Republic supports two public journals; one, the *Liberia Herald*, contains a good deal of foreign intelligence, besides local news. Reader, it will be but of little consequence, if, in your ignorance, you should acknowledge that you

never heard of the Republic of Liberia. But of that opinion is not the editor of the above-named paper, who thus writes, speaking of the independence of the State:—'The present crisis, I deem the most important in all of our history. The eyes of all Europe and America are upon us, and while some regard us with envy, hatred, and jealousy, others there be of nobler origin, who stand amazed at the phenomena, and admire the unparalleled improvement of our little colony, eulogise our feeble efforts, and cheer us on our tedious way.' The other journal is *Africa's Luminary*, published for the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is the organ of the Government. It is a religious paper, and supplies but little foreign news, beyond missionary correspondence. The principal exports from Liberia are palm-oil, camwood, and ivory; but, besides these gifts of nature, the inhabitants have a great quantity of land under cultivation. In order the better to illustrate this, I may venture to give an extract of a letter from the Hon. S. A. Benson, judge of the quarter sessions of Grand Bassa County:—'We are getting on pretty handsomely with our farms. Mine has amply rewarded me this year; besides affording provender for fifty or sixty mouths, I have sold, in eatables alone, 600 dollars, the greater part to men-of-war: and the same land on which I raised these vegetables (say twenty-five acres) I have coffee regularly set out, twelve and fourteen feet apart. I appreciate my farming operations more than all my commercial business.' They scarcely grow rice sufficient to support them, and thus a trifling trade is opened with Cape Mount and the neighbouring countries. The country craft are few, and one small vessel of one hundred and twenty tons was purchased a short time back, by the acting president, as a revenue cruiser. This infant republic cannot fail to do good, and, by setting an example of industry, may do more towards reducing the slave-trade than all the blockades."

These passages indicate the interest of Commander Forbes's narrative. In a series of appendices some useful vocabularies of African dialects are given:—also a few tables, compiled from parliamentary papers, on the general statistics of the slave trade.

The Western World; or, Travels in the United States in 1846-47: exhibiting them in their latest Development, Social, Political, and Industrial; including a Chapter on California.
By Alex. Mackay, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

THAT the American of the present day combines in himself the apparently incompatible characters of a violent and a reasoning politician, Mr. Mackay ascribes to the universal prevalence of education. Education in America is promoted by the State as a matter in which it has the most deep and lasting interest. The government, instead of shrinking from investigation, invites scrutiny. The founders of the American system, according to our author, framed it with a view more to the encouragement of virtue than to the suppression of vice. This, in Mr. Mackay's opinion, is the true principle of government,—the only way to prevent that chronic antagonism between governors and governed which is the disease of old European states. Not by force and fear but by the affections men may be easily and permanently ruled. Of education in the United States Mr. Mackay presents the following particulars.—

"In speaking of the close alliance formed between the American system and general education, let me be understood to refer to the system in its local, not its federal, manifestation. The education of the people is not one of the subjects the control over which has been conceded to the general government. There were two reasons why the different States reserved its management to themselves. The first was the difficulty of procuring a general fund for its support without investing the general government with some power of local taxation, a course which would have been at war with some of the fun-

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damental axioms of the whole system. The other was the impossibility of devising a general plan of education for a people whose political being was characterized by so many diversities of circumstances, and who differed so essentially from each other in some of their institutions. The States, therefore, prudently reserved the management of the whole subject to themselves. The cause of education has not lost by this; the States, particularly those in the north, running with each other a race of generous emulation in their separate efforts to promote it. * * The importance which the American people attach to the subject of general education is indicated by the prominent position which they assign it amongst those matters which peculiarly claim the attention and supervision of the State. As is the case in some of the states of the continent, in most, if not in all, of the States of the American Union, the superintendence of education is made a separate and distinct department of State. He who presides over this department may not be permitted to appropriate to himself so high-sounding a title as Minister of Public Instruction; but nevertheless, within his own State, he is such minister. * * Nothing can better serve to illustrate the difference of spirit in which our educational system and that of America are conceived than the yearly outlay by the State in both cases, in the way of its promotion, as compared with other items of national expenditure. We pay nearly nine millions a-year for the support of one only of our military establishments, and about 130,000 for popular education; whereas, the largest item in the annual expenditure of several of the States of the Union, such as Connecticut and Rhode Island, is for the promotion of the education of the people. The states of the Union differ not only in the form of their educational schemes, but likewise in the extent to which they have pushed them. It is in the northern States that the noblest efforts have been made for the spread of popular instruction. In the slave-holding States such schemes as have been adopted have been rendered applicable only to the white population. But with this solitary exception, there is not a State in the Union that has not done something, and most of them a very great deal, for the promotion of popular education. * * That which has been effected by Connecticut will show the spirit in which the great work has been taken up by the Americans in their political capacity. The population of this State does not exceed that of the city of Glasgow. It has a permanent school-fund, amounting to about 2,000,000 of dollars, or 416,666*l*. sterling. This yields an annual revenue of about 120,000 dollars, or about 25,000*l*. sterling. The fund, I understand, has lately increased, the revenue which it yields being now about 26,000*l*. The State is divided into upwards of 1,660 school districts, in all of which schools are in operation. In 1847 upwards of 80,000 children were instructed in all the elements of a good ordinary education at these schools; the rate per child at which they were taught for a year being 1 dollar and 45 cents, or about 6*s*. sterling. In addition to this there are in the State several colleges, and upwards of 130 academies and grammar-schools, the State confining its operations to the bringing home to every citizen a good elementary education. And it is only when the State as a State undertakes the work that it can be done in the effectual manner in which it has been achieved in Connecticut. Our annual State expenditure on education is a little over 100,000*l*. Were our expenditure in this respect on the same scale, in proportion to our population, as that of Connecticut, instead of 100,000*l*. it would be 2,288,000*l*. or nearly twenty times as great as it is. But, as regards the provision which she has thus made for education, Connecticut stands pre-eminent even in America. The State of New York has also set a noble example in this respect to the other communities of the world. The population of this State is under 3,000,000. It is divided for the purposes of education into school districts, which constitute the lowest municipal subdivisions of the State. The number of these districts is 10,893. In 1843 schools were open in no less than 10,645 of these. The number of children from five to sixteen years old in these districts was 601,766. Of these no less than 571,130 were attending school. Upwards of half a million of dollars was, that year, paid to teachers by the

State. The whole amount paid by the State for education in 1846 was 456,970 dollars, or 95,202*l*. sterling; and this for the education of between two millions and a half and three millions of people. If we spent at the same rate for the same purpose, our yearly expenditure for education would be 1,142,424*l*. or very nearly ten times as great as it is. It is quite true that enormous sums are voluntarily appropriated in this country to the purposes of education. But it would be erroneous to suppose that this is not also the case in America, where such large sums are annually expended upon education by the State. In addition to the common schools, of which all who choose may avail themselves, and in which a sound elementary education alone is taught, there are in New York nearly 600 academies and grammar-schools, which do not enter into the State system at all, and at which the higher branches of education are taught. New York also abounds in seminaries of the highest grade, chief amongst which are Columbia College and New York University, both in the city of New York, and Union College, in the city of Schenectady."

Besides these common and primary schools, the different sects in America have educational institutions and even colleges of their own. Seminaries for young ladies are also numerous, and founded on a great scale. All Americans read and write:—no persons in the United States, except emigrants from the older hemisphere, are found incapable of doing either. Such a spread of education must in the end produce a national literature.—

"It is but natural that a government which does so much for the promotion of education should seek to make an ally of literature. Literary men in America, like literary men in France, have the avenue of political preferment much more accessible to them than literary men in England. There is in this respect, however, this difference between France and America, that whilst in the former the literary man is simply left to push his way to place, in the latter he is very often sought for and dragged into it. In France he must combine the violent partisan with the *littérateur* ere he realizes a position in connexion with his government. In America the *littérateur* is frequently converted into the politician without ever having been the mere partisan. It was thus that Paulding was placed by President Van Buren at the head of the navy department, that Washington Irving was sent as minister to Spain, and Stevens despatched on a political mission to Central America. It was chiefly on account of his literary qualities that Mr. Everett was sent as minister to London, and that Mr. Bancroft was also sent thither by the cabinet of Mr. Polk. Like Paulding, this last-mentioned gentleman was for some time at the head of a department in Washington previously to his undertaking the embassy to London. The historian exhibited administrative capacity as soon as he was called upon to exercise it; whilst in this country he has earned for himself the character of an accomplished diplomatist, a finished scholar, and a perfect gentleman. But Mr. Bancroft's future fame will not depend upon his proved aptitude for administration or diplomacy. As in Mr. Macaulay's case so with him, the historian will eclipse the politician."

The extent and grandeur of its streams make a striking feature of American scenery. The Potomac, with its magnificent estuary, is one of the links connecting the eastern with the western section of the confederacy. Artificial navigation is made to supply the defects of the native streams. The cataract of Niagara is avoided by a canal, and the rapids of the Potomac are sought to be overcome by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Many parallel lines of artificial communication have thus been established between the East and the West:—which system of connexion in American parlance is, it seems, called "tapping" the latter. In this manner—

"Virginia" [said a friend to Mr. Mackay] "is tapping the West by uniting the Ohio to the Atlantic by means of the James River and Kanawha canal, constructed in the valley of the river. Maryland is doing the same by this Chesapeake and Ohio

canal, which follows the course of the Potomac, and is doubling her hold upon the Mississippi and its tributaries by the Baltimore and Ohio railway, which debouches upon the same valley after first ascending that of the Patapsco from Baltimore. Pennsylvania has tapped the West by means of her double line of railway and canal, descending upon the Ohio after ascending the Susquehanna; and New York, which took the lead in the process, has done the same by directing the waters of Lake Erie through her great canal, along the fertile valley of the Mohawk, to the Hudson, and, consequently, to the Atlantic."

This same process of "tapping" is considered the great security for the integrity of the Republic.—

"These four great parallel lines of intercommunication have effectually counteracted the political tendencies of the Mississippi. That bond of political union to the States of the Far West, if not actually broken, is now rendered harmless as regards the safety of the Confederacy, for it is now subsidiary to the ties which unite the great valley to the Atlantic sea-board. An element of weakness has been converted into an element of strength; for as the Mississippi binds together the whole West, so do these gigantic artificial communications inseparably connect the whole West, thus bound together, with the East, by closely identifying the interests of the two. It is no longer the policy of either section of the Union to stand alone. By-and-by the commerce of the Mississippi valley will outgrow the facilities for traffic which the Mississippi affords it. It will then require more seaports than New Orleans, and to what quarter can it look for them but to the Atlantic? The time will come, if not already come, when its teeming population and accumulated resources will find their best and most expeditious roads to the markets of the world, through the defiles of the Alleghanies. Much of its produce will continue to seek the markets of the West Indies, and of South and Central America, through the Gulf of Mexico; but its starting points for the great marts of the Old World will assuredly be Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Even already the great bulk of Western produce, on its way to Europe, seeks the Atlantic instead of the Gulf. New York is now as much a seaport of Indiana and Illinois, of Iowa, Missouri, and Ohio, as is New Orleans. To the more northerly States of the valley, the former is now more accessible than the latter, whilst for many purposes it is preferable, such as for the shipment of grain; some species of which are so sensitive, that they run great risk of being damaged by the hot sun of New Orleans, and the protracted voyage around the peninsula of Florida. Everything, too, which improves the position of the West, as regards the Atlantic seaports, renders the mutual dependence between the two sections of the Union, as respects their home trade, more intimate and complete. In addition to this, it strengthens more and more the sentiment of nationality, by bringing the denizens of the West and the East in constant communication with each other. They freely traverse each other's fields, and walk each other's streets, and feel equally at home, whether they are on the Wabash, the Arkansas, the Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Genesee, or the St. John's. This is what we have effected by tapping the West. We have united it to us by bonds of iron, which it cannot, and which, if it could, it would not break. By binding it to the older States by the strong tie of material interests, we have identified its political sentiment with our own. We have made the twin one by our canals, our railroads, and our electric telegraphs, by making the Atlantic more necessary to the West than the Gulf; in short," said he, "by removing the Alleghanies."

The above is an interesting passage; and shows that Mr. Mackay looks on the scenery which he describes with "eyes" that have "speculation" in them. But leaving the field of speculation for that of description,—we take as a specimen of his powers in this respect the following account of a thunderstorm in the valley of the Potomac.—

"The dome of the Capitol was already in sight, and we made all haste towards the town. We had

scarcely reached Georgetown ere the wind came in fitful gusts from behind us, lifting up the dust, and scattering it, as it were, in huge handfuls in the air. By-and-by a dense black curtain of clouds rose over the tree-tops on the heights to our left, and advanced with rapid yet majestic movement towards the zenith. The broad estuary of the Potomac was before us, and its usually yellow surface assumed a dark brownish hue, in reflecting the now angry heavens. The lightning at first flickered faintly in the distance, but grew brighter and more frequent as the storm gained upon the sky. By this time the low mutterings of the distant thunder fell without interval upon our ears, as if the tempest were advancing to the sound of music. And now everything in nature seemed still as death—every leaf around us appeared to pant for the coming shower—the cattle stood in motionless groups in the neighbouring fields. We had passed Georgetown, and were hurrying as fast as possible to Washington. On came the teeming clouds, swept forward by the breeze, which now set in steadily from the westward with a fury which betokened the near approach of the catastrophe. The heavens seemed now and then enveloped in a trellis-work of fire, and the thunder came in choruses from the bosom of the tempest. We had to make our way through whirlwinds of dust, but the flying sand was preferable to the coming deluge. My rooms were already in sight when the first monitory drops came down heavily, with a sort of greasy flop, into the hot dust, speckling it with dark spots, each as large as a half-crown piece. There was no time to lose, for down they came thicker and thicker, and we took to our heels. It was as well that we did so; for we had scarcely gained shelter ere the storm descended in all its fury. Down came the rain, literally in streams, throwing the dust up like spray, until it had fairly saturated it, which less than a minute sufficed to do. Every now and then its downward progress was stopped, and it was carried almost horizontally aloft, and dashed in whirling eddies against wall and window by the fierce wind. The strongest trees bent before the blast which howled through their branches, as it stripped them of their green leaves and tossed them wildly in the air. All this time the vivid lightning was playing about on all hands with magnificent pyrotechnic effect, not falling in single flashes, but appearing literally to rain down, the tempest seemed to expend itself in a descending deluge of fire and water. The air, too, was, as it were, full of thunder, which sometimes cracked around us like the leaping flame, which is devouring everything within its reach, then broke overhead with a crash as if a thousand ponderous beams were giving way, and then boomed slowly off into the distance, and died, grumbling and muttering amid the watery clouds. The storm had not continued for more than a quarter of an hour ere the whole aspect of the town was changed. Many of the streets which before were laden with dust were now completely submerged. Pennsylvania-avenue lies low, and the streets which descend upon its northern side poured their floods upon it as into a reservoir. Boats might now have sailed where, but some minutes before their keels would have been buried in the dust. My windows overlooked a broad street which descended into the avenue. It looked as if it had suddenly been converted into the bed of some mountain torrent; the water dashing along in sufficient volume to carry off several large beams which were lying at a little distance, for building purposes, on the road. Little more than half an hour had elapsed ere the storm began to give way. The black pall, which had enveloped the heavens, seemed gradually to ascend into upper air, and in so doing became broken into fragments, which, as they slowly separated from each other, were illuminated in their outlines by the bright sunlight, which shone from above through their watery fringes. Piled in masses, one upon the other, the heavy clouds rolled away to the eastward, their dark bosoms still gleaming with fire, and belching forth thunder. The storm thus passed away with the majesty which had marked its approach, leaving the sun once more in undisputed possession of the sky. But the face of nature was greatly changed. It no longer looked languid and sickly; all was now cheerful and glad, and fresh-looking as the nymph from the fountain. The frogs croaked lustily from the neighbouring marshes, and the birds flew about on renovated wing, and sang merrily on the boughs.

Vegetation resumed its vigour; the foliage on the trees looked doubly green; whilst from every shrub and plant the pendant rain-drops sparkled like so many diamonds. The air was pure and crisp; for the haze which before pervaded it seemed to have been literally washed out, and through its clear medium the Capitol shone, over the rich greenery which lay beneath it, like a mass of alabaster, surmounted by a dome of ebony. But the streets were in many places ploughed up by the torrents which had taken temporary possession of them; and the red clayey bank of the Potomac was torn into still deeper gullies. Not far from my residence, on a field of several acres in extent, flourished, before the storm, a crop of luxuriant wheat. Having a gentle declivity, the deluge passed over it with such effect as to tear both wheat and soil away, exposing a cadaverous surface of cold impassive clay. Many of the cellars in Pennsylvania-avenue were flooded, and much valuable property was injured, if not destroyed.

The apparent inactivity of Virginia displeased our traveller; he saw in it the curse of slavery. After thoroughly traversing this State, he felt that it was throughout "afflicted with some ineradicable blight." Mr. Mackay has entered fully into the subject of slavery; as an evil which is on the increase, and respecting the issue of which the worst presentiments are entertained. Over it Congress has divested itself of any power. The people in their aggregate capacity have abdicated all right to interfere with it, and, with the right, our author thinks that they have also freed themselves of the responsibility. That is an opinion that will be contested with Mr. Mackay. An obvious sacrifice has been made to political expediency. The grounds of this the reader will find elaborately argued in these volumes; and we recommend the chapters in which the topic is especially treated to his serious attention. The acquisition of California has an important bearing upon the question. Between the North and the South it is no longer a drawn battle; for "the period is approaching when one of the two sections of the Union must obtain in connexion with this subject a final and decisive victory over the other, or when the Union itself will be rent asunder."

In Carolina our traveller was one of the victims of a trick which he states to be a common one,—and which is thus related.—

"Having had but little rest on board the steamer the previous night, I slept soundly in one of the hotels the first night ashore. How far into the morning my slumbers would have carried me I know not, but at a pretty early hour I was aroused by a noise which, for the few moments elapsing between deep sleep and perfect consciousness, I took to be the ringing of the sleigh-bells in the streets of a Canadian town. I was soon undeceived; the intense heat, even at that early hour, driving all notions of winter, sleighs, and sleigh-bells out of my head. But though in Carolina there was still the jingling of the bells to remind me of Canada. Every bell in the house seemed to have become suddenly bewitched but my own; and anxious to know what was the matter, I soon made it join in the chorus. Even in the ringing of bells one can trace to some extent the difference between characters; and, for some time, I amused myself watching the different manifestations of temper on the part of those who pulled them, which they indicated. Some rung gently, as if those pulling them shrunk from being troublesome; others authoritatively as if the ringers would be obeyed at once and without another summons; and others again angrily, as if they had already been frequently pulled in vain. Very soon all became angry, some waxing into a towering passion; for although all might ring, all could not possibly be answered at once. I had brief time to notice these things ere the waiters were heard hurrying up and down stairs, and along the lengthy wooden lobbies which echoed to their foot-steps. Things now appeared to be getting serious, and jumping out of bed I opened my door just as a troop of black fellows were hurrying past, each with a bucket of water in his hand. I immediately inferred that the house was on fire; and as American houses

generally on such occasions go off like gun-powder, I sprang back into my room, with a view to partly dressing myself and making my escape. A universal cry for 'Boots,' however, mingled with every variety of imprecation on that functionary's head, from the simple ejaculation to the elaborate prayer, soon convinced me that the case was less urgent than I had supposed; and, on further investigation, it turned out that the unusual hubbub had been created by some one playing overnight the old and clumsy trick of changing the boots before they were taken from the bedroom doors to be cleaned, so that, on being replaced in the morning, each guest was provided with his neighbour's instead of his own. I had laid down the happy possessor of a pair of Wellingtons, which, in the morning, I found converted into unsightly highlows. Other transformations as complete and as awkward took place, the dandy finding at his door the brogues of a clodhopper from the Northwest, who was attempting, next door, with a grin, to squeeze his toes into his indignant neighbour's patent leather boots. After some search my Wellingtons were discovered in another hall, standing at a lady's door, whose shoes had been placed before those of a Texan volunteer on his way to Mexico, and glory. It was not the good fortune of all so readily to recover their property, the majority of the guests having to breakfast in slippers, during which the unreclaimed boots and shoes were collected together in the great hall, each man afterwards selecting, as he best could, his own property from the heap. Until the nature of the joke was discovered, the poor Boots had a narrow escape of his life; and it was amusing to witness the chuckle of the black waiters, as, on discovering the trick, they quietly returned with their unemptied buckets, to their respective posts."

From the Potomac we turn for a moment to the Mississippi and "the Crescent City"—as New Orleans is called from the circumstance of its taking a semicircular sweep along the curving shore of that magnificent river. Mr. Mackay dwells more on the future prospects than on the present condition of New Orleans. The valley of the Mississippi can sustain one hundred and fifty millions. Its natural advantages are extraordinary.—

"It is not only of exuberant fertility almost throughout its entire length and breadth, and capable of sustaining an industrious population amounting to three-fourths of that of all Europe; but it is also watered by a system of streams all navigable in their channels, and the commingled waters of which pass by New Orleans in their common course to the ocean. Nature has thus, without putting man, in this favoured region, to either trouble or expense, provided him, on all hands, with highways to the sea, with the like of which no trouble or expense on his part could ever have provided him. The Mississippi itself is as it were, the great spinal cord of this vast system of irrigation. Pursuing its long and snake-like course along the lowest level of the valley, it receives on either bank, as it rolls majestically along, tributaries almost as extensive and as lordly as itself. Amongst the chief are the Wabash, the Missouri, the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Red River, the Arkansas, and the White River, all navigable for steamers and vessels of large draught, for hundreds of miles from their confluence with their common reservoir; and one of them, the Missouri, for thousands of miles. Ascending the Mississippi from New Orleans to its confluence with the Missouri, and then ascending the Missouri to the extreme point of its navigation, the combined navigable channels of the two streams exceed in length three thousand miles! Ascending the Mississippi and Ohio in the same way, their combined navigable channels are about two thousand miles in length. The Red River itself is navigable for thirteen hundred miles above its junction with the Mississippi, some of its tributaries again have their tributaries, some of which are navigable for hundreds of miles; and these again theirs, navigable for shorter distances. Thus the system goes on, increasing its ramifications as it penetrates into the interior, where its remoter, minor, and innumerable branches dwindle into the proportions of streams navigable only to the barge and the flat-boat. But vessels of large draught navigate the Mississippi, its tributaries, their tributaries, and the chief of their tributaries again; that is to say, vessels

of large draught can, in some instances, ascend into tributaries removed in the fourth degree from the Mississippi! This noble system of rivers permeates the richest portions of the valley; its arid, or more woody part, being but indifferently irrigated by channels which are generally shallow, and whose currents are frequently interrupted by rapids. It would almost seem as if every farmer or planter in the valley had his own land skirted by a navigable stream. When to this natural is added the artificial irrigation, which will yet connect river with river in every direction, how great will be the facilities, not only for mutual interchange, but for pouring, with a view to exportation, the surplus productions of the valley upon the ocean! It is almost impossible to set limits to the extent to which canals will yet intersect the valley. The necessity for them will be obvious, and their construction easy; for nature has already, as it were, regulated the levels, leaving man only to dig out the soil. It was, no doubt, in view of all this, as forming part and parcel of the future destiny of this great region, that De Toqueville designed it "the most magnificent habitation that God ever designed for man."

The spirit of the last extract is that of the whole work.—Mr. Mackay is the apologist of American institutions and the prophet of the greatness of the American people. His enthusiasm is, indeed, one of the charms of his style; and, together with his skill in story-telling and in dramatic dialogue, will make these volumes popular.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Hall and the Manor-House. 3 vols.—There is a family of middling novel-writers which is particularly large in England, the several founders and names whereof can aspire to no literary reputation yet nevertheless command a public,—thus making good the remark of the discerning critic who pointed out that a taste for fiction can exist totally distinct from a taste for literature. Smooth words, good sentiments, and "the power of getting over the ground" suffice for the stock-in-trade of its members and the requirements of its customers. The latter are apt to find humour "too low" and philosophy "too high": they are given to disdain Miss Austen as "commonplace" and Scott as careless of his morals. It is this multitudinous tribe who buy the *seventieth* edition of 'The Aunts of England'—husbands for their wives—brothers for their sisters—and so on round the table. Which of us, too, could not name their Poets;—smooth singers uttering rhyme of a platitude utterly beyond and beneath the emulation of the most accomplished mocking-bird? The Smiths themselves, when on fun intent, could not have discharged their verses of music and originality so utterly as some of the choir who sing for audiences twenty thousand strong. All this granted,—granted, too, the existence of a vast central mass of mediocrity as necessary to prevent the fiery and feverish spirits of the earth from devouring one another, and driving the rest mad,—it is past doubt that *Beotia* is far from being the *California* it was, and that rents are down in *Gotham*. The standard of public taste and public curiosity is rising—the stupid or unprepared or dishonest writer is gradually elbowed out of readers' company. One of Mr. Bohn's good books is found a more cheap and cheerful companion than a bad novel,—and much that passed muster a score of years ago will please no more, even at the watering-places.

Twenty years since, 'The Hall and the Manor-House' might have commanded a popularity among the class referred to,—being a story some two degrees (or thereabouts) weaker and less brightly-coloured than the English tales of Miss Pickering. How the good desires of a refined and accomplished heir are traversed on his coming of age by the ambitions of a Mother and the intrigues of a designing Steward—how the said heir's sister loves the son of a ruined neighbour, and is by the said haughty Mother sharply rebuked and cunningly managed with the intent of selling her to a higher bidder—how the said heir is disastrously unlucky in fixing his own affection and dies young (though not because of the said piece of disastrous luck)—all these things are *dearly* narrated; told, moreover, in that tone which

apprises the reader that the great surprise is still to come. Come the great surprise does, after the most approved pattern of astonishment,—and yet, strange to say, we are not astonished. Neither do we apprehend that persons not, like ourselves, called upon to use scales and microscope will be surprised at the whisk of the wand which humbles the pride of the arrogant Mother, snatches the sceptre from her hands, and scatters gold in expectedly-unexpected places. All this having been stated—all "accidents, offences, choppings and changes" foreseen—we must state that the story of 'The Hall and the Manor-House' moves. Without such motive power in the Novelist, he may treat us to scores of humours in *paletots*, of characters in petticoats, and of cardinal virtues and deadly sins in *He-mise* and in *She-mise* (to apply 'The Doctor's' whimsy),—but he cannot treat us to a novel!

Dudley Cranbourne; or, a Woman's History. 3 vols.—This history of a gratuitously bad woman who becomes the mother of an improbably virtuous man will hardly lure the world back to the Novel in three volumes. As the above paragraph indicates, the tale oscillates betwixt what is repulsive and what is unlikely. Neither quality will prevent the public from giving its sympathy, supposing power to exist. Few more disagreeable stories have ever been written than 'Jane Eyre,'—yet that lady has become almost as favourite an object of speculation and discussion as Jenny Lind. Few more outrageous inventions have ever been presented than that of 'Monte Christo'—yet the Borgia treasure in the grotto bids fair to take rank beside the *clair vite* of so many romancers and the dreadful Ghost of the Radcliffe school. We do not desire that a lady who met ruin so needlessly as Mrs. Cameron, and who took so kindly to the most degrading consequences of her *improvised* fault, should be made in the least interesting; but here she is simply "a bore,"—and accordingly the author has failed. Neither have we the slightest disposition to believe that the child of her misconduct, brought up as a *chevalier d'industrie*, an extorter of money, and a gambler, could by any primrose-breath from the haunts of domestic life or virtuous pleasure (to make the marvel greater arriving during the time of his triumph in his evil courses!) be charmed into becoming the patient, delicate, prudent, generous, and self-sacrificing gentleman which Dudley Cranbourne is said to have been. Yet sorcerers have existed who could lull common-sense so fast asleep as to make us acquiesce in the miracle: therefore the fact that the feat is not here accomplished compels us to bring in Mr. Skeffington Moore (advertised as the author) guilty on "the second count." The amount of observation and descriptive power revealed by this tale is so largely mixed up with and neutralized by other less promising qualities, that we must wait for further essays from the same hand ere we can admit that its owner has average chances of success.

Cosmos: a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated by E. C. Otté.—Having already noticed the translation of Humboldt's work by Mr. Sabine and that published by Baillière, it is unnecessary to return to the general subject of the work. The present translation is not at all inferior to either of the others,—and it is published at less than one-third the price at which they were issued to the public.—Since the publication of Mr. Otté's translation by Mr. Bohn in two neat volumes at 7s., Messrs. Murray and Longman & Co. have been induced to issue Sabine's edition, in two volumes stitched, at 5s. instead of 24s.—the original price. Thus, by the rivalry of publishers, the public may now enjoy the benefit of a valuable work at an exceedingly cheap rate.

'Presbytery Examined:' an Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation. By the Duke of Argyll.—This is an earnest protest against exclusiveness and pretension made by one well qualified for the work, and whose name is connected with many associations in the history of the country whose religious progress and character he describes. The work was written as a contribution to one of the Reviews; and contains an examination, in the form of an historical essay, of 'Presbytery Examined,'—one of the re-publications of the 'Spottiswoode Society.' The narrative is

well told,—and we shall be glad to know that it has the effect of making English readers better acquainted with the distinctive principles of the Reformation in Scotland. The remark of Lord Clarendon, that in England there is more interest felt in the transactions of Germany than in those that take place in the streets of Edinburgh, is still true in relation to the genius and history of Scottish ecclesiastical institutions. The exaggerations and hostility of historians supply one explanation of this result. Scottish ecclesiastical history is rather controversy than narrative; or if narrative, it degenerates into hero-worship or into abuse. "Forbidding as its aspect must appear," says the author with great justice, "we know not in the whole book of History one page more full of interest and instruction. Those who approach it must indeed be prepared to meet with much from which they would gladly turn away. Scenes of civil turbulence and religious bigotry—the hardness of dogmatic intolerance and the excesses of a wild fanaticism are features with which they must consent to become familiar. But, on the other hand, they will be abundantly rewarded (unless blinded by the more odious bigotry of modern times) by the noblest scenes of unbending firmness in adherence to important principles—by the prominence of many liberal and enlightened sentiments—by the great value of some ideas respecting the nature of 'the Church,'—and by the intimate connexion between the growth of Scottish presbytery and the advancement of civil and religious liberty." As may be expected, a work written with candour on such topics is not likely to please any of the parties more immediately interested. The noble author condemns with great plainness of speech the "assumptions" of the Scottish Episcopal Church—the false positions and "unfounded claims" of the Kirk—and the "dogmas" of the Free Church; sometimes administering truth (it must be confessed) at scalding heat. All will admire, however, the obvious honesty of intention, the catholic spirit, the nervous and appropriate language, the grasp and comprehensiveness of handling, which distinguish the volume; and for these qualities and for the general interest of the question which it investigates, we cordially recommend it to the attention of the reader. It may guide some to the character of the book, to know that on the Priesthood and the Church—topics which we cannot with any propriety discuss here—the author seems to agree with Dr. Arnold; not examining those questions at any length, however,—but merely applying his views to trace and illustrate the progress of the various sections of the Presbyterian Church.

Manual of Mineralogy; including Observations on Mines, Rocks, Reduction of Ores, &c. By James Dana, A.M.—Dana's work on mineralogy is so well known that it is almost unnecessary to do more than direct attention to this manual. The work is, as stated in the preface, "practical and American in character." This—all the localities of minerals being confined to the western world—is the only drawback to the English student. The arrangement of the book is excellent, and the information on Metallurgy of a very valuable character.

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BRITISH MUSEUM. The Catalogue.

THE evidence before the British Museum Commission of Inquiry has taken a turn contrary to the principal Librarian's expectations. The species of information which the Commission require is not only on the increase—but Mr. Panizzi it now appears is attacked by printed letters as well as by *vivâ voce* evidence. It was, in truth, time that Mr. Panizzi's peculiar system of cataloguing should be inquired into—that he should be made to move a good deal faster—and that a chief librarian should no longer be the obstacle to the speedy publication of an alphabetical Catalogue of the Printed Books in a great national collection like the British Museum.

The present British Museum Library ranks in number of volumes with the libraries of Vienna, Berlin and Dresden,—and is inferior only to the two great libraries of Munich and Paris. The number of volumes included in the last return is 435,000; exhibiting an increase of 135,000 in four years—a rapid accumulation worthy of a great nation. The only catalogue to this vast library at present in use was printed in 1819 in eight octavo volumes,—and is now with interleavings of MS. additions swelled into at least sixty-seven folio volumes! We say at least sixty-seven, because there are really more; some of the volumes as originally lettered having outgrown all due proportion and been since bound into two, and sometimes into three, volumes each.—The number of readers possessing tickets of admission is between 30,000 and 40,000,—and the average number of readers per day is, it is said, 250. But the attendance has of late years very much decreased; and our readers will scarcely fail to attribute this falling off to the miserable and perplexing Catalogue—a small part print, a great part MS.—worse than the worst author's proof sheet after it has passed through a printer's and an editor's hands.

Such is the present condition of the Library of the Museum and of the Catalogue in use. The resulting question is—Surely something is doing to supply a better catalogue? Yes! something is doing,—and what, we will describe in as few words as possible. The principal keeper of the printed books in the British Museum is Mr. Panizzi; a gentleman of great attainments, versed in foreign languages, and fairly acquainted with English literature. To him, by right of office, the compilation of a new Alphabetical Catalogue of the books of the British Museum has been intrusted. He has gone, we must say, willingly to work,—thought night and day about his subject,—looked at every catalogue for hints,—laid down rules twice as many as the Thirty-nine Articles for his assistants to follow,—divided and subdivided works,—introduced references and cross references beyond human ingenuity to follow up,—and after ten long years of labour has produced letter A in SIXTEEN folio volumes for the convenience of readers attending the Reading Room of the British Museum! Letter A, so produced, is of course a rarity in its way—"a faultless monster": but it is at the same time rather an expensive beginning for the Treasury and a very great injury to the advancement of literature. If A (that fortunate letter A, as Mr. Bolton Corney has called it,) has taken ten years to subdivide and multiply into sixteen folio volumes, when and in what volumes are we to have letter P—or even F—to say nothing of the works of Xenophon, Dr. Young, and any unhappy author whose name commences with Z? Of a work so conducted what remote generation of our descendants is first to reap the benefit? And to how many millions of Englishmen living and yet unborn is this great national collection to remain to a certain extent a sealed treasure in the mean time.

Letter A of Mr. Panizzi's new Catalogue was published in 1841 in one thick folio volume, price 1l. Of course it has a Preface,—and that Preface is in some respects a curiosity.

"The rules on which this Catalogue is based were sanc-

tioned by the Trustees on the 13th of July 1839; and with the exception of such modifications as have been found necessary in order to accelerate [?] the progress of the work they have been strictly adhered to. Some additional rules, the want of which was not foreseen at the commencement, are printed in italics. The application of the rules was left by the Trustees to the discretion of the editor, subject to the condition that a catalogue of the printed books in the Library up to the close of the year 1838 be completed within the year 1844. With a view to the fulfilment of this undertaking it was deemed indispensable that the Catalogue should be put to press as soon as any portion of the manuscript could be prepared; consequently the early volumes must present omissions and inaccuracies which it is hoped will diminish in number as the work proceeds. In giving to the world the first volume of a Catalogue which promises to be of an unprecedented extent, the editor thinks that it would be premature to name each gentleman in his department to whose zeal and talent he is indebted for much that will add to its usefulness. He looks forward to a continuation of the same assistance, and he therefore reserves till after the conclusion of the work the particular expressions of his obligations.

British Museum, July 15, 1841.

A. PANIZZI."

This Preface (it forms no part of the Catalogue in use at the Museum) is rather an important article in weighing the proportions of the blame to be attached to Mr. Panizzi and to the Trustees of the Museum. The Trustees, on Mr. Panizzi's own showing, adopted his rules "subject to the condition that a catalogue of the printed books in the Library up to the close of the year 1838 be completed within the year 1844." Has Mr. Panizzi fulfilled the condition? Upwards of four years after the time when we were to have had the whole, we have nothing more to show for the sums expended and the expectations advanced than letter A.

The volume of letter A now before us contains ninety-one rules for the guidance of the persons compiling the Catalogue. It is easy, one would think, to deal with works having known names upon their title-pages: but Mr. Panizzi's assistants have made sad havoc of even ordinary subjects,—and the articles Addison, Akenside, Armstrong are wonderful examples of a wish to do well without an adequate result. The works of each author are arranged almost anyhow,—not, as they should be, in the order of publication: while the deficiencies of the Museum—which a few shillings might supply—are really provoking. Whoever goes to the Museum for the purpose of consulting and collating the early editions of Addison's writings will be disappointed. There is not a better lesson in literature than that afforded by the collation of the works of a great author attentive to the niceties of composition. The student at the Museum will look in vain for the first edition of the 'Letter from Italy' or the first edition of the famous 'Campaign': yet these ten years ago were to be picked up cheap enough—though now becoming scarce. The collection of Akenside's works is miserably imperfect. He was constantly altering—his Odes particularly; and yet there is not in the Museum a single early edition of the latter. Under the head Armstrong, again, (the poet of 'The Art of Preserving Health'), we look in vain for his first published and afterwards suppressed poem called 'The Economy of Love.' We will undertake to say there is a copy in the Museum—though it is not in Mr. Panizzi's Catalogue.—But let us turn to Mr. Panizzi and his Rules. Rule 38 directs that "In the case of anonymous works the first substantive in the title (or if there be no substantive the first word) be selected as the heading." A more absurd principle of cataloguing for reference could scarcely be imagined. There is an anonymous publication with, if we remember rightly, the following title:—*An Authentic Narrative of the Campaign of 1815, comprising a Particular Detail of the Battle of Waterloo*, 12mo., 1816. Now, surely the subject-matter prescribes the particular heading under which this work should be classed. "Waterloo," we contend, should be the first heading; and if a second be wanted, "Campaign." But Mr. Panizzi would catalogue this book by the word "Narrative." Under this Rule, where are we to look for 'A Right Pithy, Pleasant, and Merie Comedie, intytuled Gammer Gurton's Needle'? Not under the obvious head of "Gammer Gurton." Or, supposing one of our greatest tragedies were by an unknown author,—we should have to look for the first edition of 'The Tragical Historie of Hamlet' (the unique quarto of 1603) under some heading in which the part of Hamlet was left out by Mr. Panizzi's particular desire!

Another rule of Mr. Panizzi's making directs that every work where practicable should be classed under the surname of the author. This generally excellent and useful rule should, we think, admit of certain exceptions. But Mr. Panizzi's rules, unlike rules in general, are without exceptions. Thus, Voltaire is entered under the head "Arouet." Now, it is true that Napier of Merchiston, Norris of Bemerton, Davies of Hereford, Robert of Gloucester are almost similarly situated with Arouet de Voltaire: but then no one speaks of them as Merchistoun, Bemeriton, Hereford, and Gloucester, without their surnames,—while the name "Voltaire" is known to thousands to whom "Arouet" is a name altogether unknown. There is no rule without some wise exceptions, even in cataloguing. We look in vain in the unfortunately imperfect Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge (which stopped, like Mr. Panizzi's Catalogue, at letter A) for even a cross-reference under "Arouet" to the name of "Voltaire."—Who would look for Correggio under "Allegri"?

Some of the entries to which Mr. Panizzi's unalterable rules have driven his assistants are amusing. Under "Alonzo" we find a solitary entry of a play by Home, the author of 'Douglas'—which should be entered under "Home;" but Mr. Panizzi places it under "Alonzo" because the title-page is without the name of the author. Under "Art," we find an entry of Armstrong's 'Art of Preserving Health.' Under "Amboyne" we miss Dryden's tragedy of that name,—though there are several entries under that title of inferior importance. Under "Academy," we have a lengthy detail of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses: while we remark with regret that the Museum has only one Royal Academy Catalogue—that for the year 1783.

Mr. Panizzi and his friends make no secret of the principles which he pursues and the permanent shape that it is deemed desirable for a great public Catalogue to assume. Mr. Panizzi is of opinion (unless we mis-report him—in which case we shall be happy to print his correction) that a well kept up Catalogue wholly in manuscript is what is wanted in a large increasing library,—and that there ought to be no more than five entries on a page,—that the Catalogue of the British Museum Library should be a MS. Catalogue made (we are almost afraid to repeat what we have heard and believe to be correct) "in five hundred volumes." Let us repeat the number, in five hundred volumes!—for, of course, the convenience of reference.

There are two or three points that deserve to be understood, suggested by this subject.—First, that a great Library like the British Museum can be of little use to the public generally without an alphabetical catalogue of its contents. Secondly, that such a catalogue must be a printed one. Thirdly, that as it must necessarily be an imperfect catalogue, though the best that can be produced, it is desirable to have the entries as simple as possible and in as few volumes as possible. Nor is a printed catalogue necessarily a work of extravagant time or extraordinary difficulty. Look at the works accomplished by private individuals almost single-handed—the 'Bibliotheca Britannica' of Robert Watt, the 'Athene Oxonienses' of Wood, and the 'Dictionary' of Dr. Johnson. Shall it be said because Mr. Panizzi says it, that such a work as the compilation of a catalogue of books in the British Museum cannot be accomplished in less than fifty years, with thirty assistants paid by Government; while we remember that Dr. Johnson, alone, compiled a Dictionary of the English language—an undertaking requiring learned definition and elegant examples,—and compiled it in a garret, "without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour"?—The Commissioners will incur a heavy responsibility if the result of their inquiry be not, that a new catalogue shall be prepared and published with as little delay as possible.

A complete alphabetical catalogue-index (on Mr. Maitland's excellent Lambeth principle) would, it is said, contain 800,000 entries:—the 435,000 volumes, containing 800,000 distinct publications. A folio page might hold 100 entries; and 800,000 entries at this rate would require 8,000 pages, or 8 folio volumes of 1,000 pages each:—in other words, Eight Parliamentary Blue Books of the ordinary size.

g directs that only 50 entries be given to a page, the Catalogue will then be in 16 folio volumes:—the number of volumes which Mr. Panizzi has employed for letter A alone. This settled, the next question is that of time. 250 descriptions a-day (with prices added) make the common monthly labour of a bookseller who publishes a catalogue by which he has to live. Suppose we put it at 200 a-day (for Government officers are proverbially slow): we then find that 200 a-day is 1,200 a week, or 62,400 a-year for one man. So that 13 men would catalogue in one year 811,200 books—or 11,200 more than the Museum possesses. This leads to the question of printing. If the Catalogue is to be in 16 volumes settle the form and size, and divide the MS. among eight different printers—if in 16 volumes, among 16 different printers. Any large printer would set up a thousand pages in three months, or even in less. This of course is in some respects an exaggerated view of the case—confined to single entries and omitting cross-references; but the object is to rebut the presumption of extraordinary difficulty. It is not for the purpose of giving Mr. Panizzi a European reputation that we look for a manuscript catalogue. We want for early use an alphabetical index to the books in the British Museum. Let us know its resources and its deficiencies. "By the means of catalogues only," says Dr. Johnson, "can it be known what has been written on every part of learning, and the hazard avoided of encountering difficulties which have been already cleared, discussing questions which have been already decided, and digging in mines of literature which former ages have exhausted."

The Library and Reading Room.

From the parliamentary Statistics of Income and Expenditure appended to a letter to the Earl of Ellesmere, printed by the Keeper of the Zoology of the Museum for private distribution, it may be gathered that the cost of working the complicated machinery of the Reading Room since 1840 has increased year by year from 4,420*l.* to 7,540*l.*, whilst the number of books consulted in the same time has diminished inversely from 152,000 to 129,000. During this period the munificent sum of 100,000*l.* has been granted for the purchase of additional volumes. We thus learn in the patent language of figures, that the Library, which has been favoured with signal partiality by the Lords of the Treasury, is just that department which, being the only one presenting a decrease in the number of visitors, has been least productive of benefit to the nation.

This plain test of its diminishing usefulness, under a more costly administration and an increase in value by accessions of immense interest—by bequest, by purchase, by right—in a time especially marked for the advancement of learning and general activity of letters shows beyond a doubt that there is something rotten in the management. To say that the Keeper of the Printed Books has not manifested great solicitude for the construction of a new Catalogue would be unjust:—520,000*l.* have been expended by him on the production of the first letter of the alphabet!

To add to the disappointment in this department, other departments of the Museum have suffered for want of funds. My Lords strongly inculcated upon the Trustees the propriety of postponing additions to the various collections under their charge "which, however desirable in themselves, are of subordinate importance to the object of completing the Library." The consequences of this recommendation have been the loss of the Pembroke Coins, of the Cuming Shells, and of many priceless treasures well known to those connected with the establishment; whilst a considerable portion of the glorious monuments of "the great king, the King of Assyria," removed from Nineveh by individual enterprise, are lying at this moment on the mud-banks of a remote shore, waiting a path across the waters.

The number of visitors to these impoverished departments has increased to a marvel. The public are beginning to find pleasure in the institution, and to value its important purposes. The Catalogue question settled and other matters accomplished that require to be done promptly and earnestly, it will be time to think of founding professorships and schools of public instruction, as at Paris and at Leyden.

BREVIPEN.

The Museum, National Gallery, and Record Office.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has, it appears, ascertained that the British Museum is not sufficiently extensive to contain the objects for which it has been enlarged. In fact, every fresh consignment of any extent causes fresh embarrassment to the officers. The arrival of the Xanthian marbles necessitated the building of a new room; and now, a new room will have to be built for the Nineveh sculptures. The want of room is the reason why no British collection of antiquity and no British series of objects of natural history have been formed. The want of room has driven the exhibition of popular illustrations of plants and their uses to the new Museum at Kew, and that of the uses of minerals and fossils to the Practical Museum of Geology:—both of which ought to have been incorporated with the Museum of Zoology and Paleontology at the British Museum.

What is the best remedy for this state of things, which becomes worse every day? No one will, I apprehend, adopt the sage advice of the Archbishop, and hunt out an antediluvian museum for the antediluvian remains, in other words, bury them in the cellars of the Museum. Nor will the public be induced to allow the removal of the zoological collections, which constitute the portion of the museum most generally interesting to the visitors; although this plan is advocated by some persons who forget that the British Museum is a museum, and that a library does not form an absolutely necessary portion of a museum—much less the whole of it.

With regard, then, to the requirements of the public in reference to their national collections of literature, art, and natural objects, the matter stands thus.—If the British Museum remain as constituted at present, fresh buildings must be erected; as regards the national collections of paintings, a fresh Gallery must be erected; and as regards the national collections of records, a building must also be erected for them. The erection of these different buildings is merely a question of time and convenience.

The plan I would suggest for avoiding the necessity of so great an outlay of national money is as follows. Erect one new building sufficiently large for the whole of the records, as well as for the printed books and manuscripts of the British Museum. And as the British Museum already contains the national collection of sculpture, remove to it the National Gallery of Paintings:—and sufficient space will then remain for the Antiquities and Natural History collections.

W. URBANUS.

MACAULAY, GRIMM, AND PROCOPIUS.

In your number of Feb. 17, [p. 166] "Your Constant Reader" has attempted to convict Mr. Macaulay of a grave mistake in confounding the island of *Brittia*, mentioned by Procopius, with Great Britain; and has satisfied himself that "there seems some reason why Mr. Macaulay should excuse himself from citing authorities in the introductory chapter." "Your Constant Reader" has, however, failed to convince me that he is right, and that Macaulay and Grimm and Scott—and, I shall add, Gibbon—are wrong in identifying the island of *Brittia* with *Bretannia* or Great Britain. What other island than Britain lies in the ocean, opposite the mouths of the Rhine, 200 stadia, some 26, or as Gibbon says "less than 30," miles from the shore of the mainland? And, though it may be very clear that in Procopius's mind *Brittia* was not the island where Constantine assumed the imperial purple, it does not follow that *Brittia* was not the name used by his informants (native Angles) for the island which he elsewhere calls *Bretannia*. He may not have been able either to identify or to distinguish them,—but still it may be that they are the same.

It is perfectly certain that in the time of Procopius the island of *Bretannia* was inhabited, as he says *Brittia* was, "by Angles and Frisians and Britons;" and every one who has the smallest sprinkling of geography knows that it lies at the specified distance of about 200 stadia (between 25 and 30 miles) from the mainland, and within "a day and night's sail of a boat." What other island answers, or ever could answer, these geographical and historical conditions of the problem?

Gibbon's account of the matter seems much more likely than either Scott's or Grimm's to have been

the foundation of Mr. Macaulay's remarks; but, as his 'Rome' is to be found in everybody's hands, I shall merely refer to the passage, without quoting it. It will be found near the end of the thirty-eighth chapter. But his note is worth quoting, as bearing with some weight upon the point at issue.—"The Greek historian is himself so confounded by the wonders which he relates that he weakly attempts to distinguish the islands of *Brittia* and *Britain*, which he has identified by so many inseparable circumstances."

I have long since lost all faith in translations; and certainly "Your Constant Reader's" translation from Grimm's 'Mythologie' has gone far to strengthen my habitual distrust. It contains several very considerable errors; and though only the last of them is of importance in the present question, I shall give you them as specimens of his scholarship. The boatmen "instantly arise, reach the shore, and see there empty boats; strangers, not of their own race, enter these, seize the oars, and row." The meaning of this is, that strange people of a different race from the boatmen, enter the boats, &c.; but what Grimm says is, that the boatmen, when they reach the shore, see empty boats, strange (ones) not their own,—go on board, seize the oars, &c.; which agrees with a subsequent statement, that they carry the ghosts over in an hour in this strange vessel, though they generally require a day and night to effect the passage in their own boat,—not merely "by themselves," as "Your Constant Reader" says. The woman-ghosts, he says, give the names of their parents:—Grimm says, "Of their husbands (gatten)." "As Britain he [Procopius] understands the west coast of the French Continent, one end of which is now called Brittany; but which, however, about six years later, stretched further out over the later Norman and Frieslanders district to the mouths of the Rhine and Scheldt." Grimm, however, says, "not about six years later," but "in the sixth century" (im 6 jh.). And if it be the fact, as Grimm says, that "in the sixth century," the time of Procopius, the anti-British coasts of France and Flanders bore the so-widely extended name of Britain, his confusion respecting the identity of *Brittia* and *Bretannia* as two names given to the same island by his different informants, as well as the latter name to the whole Gallic coast, is not much to be wondered at.

But "Your Constant Reader's" worst fault is one of omission,—a practice very frequent with controversial critics when they find a passage that does not suit their views. The passage of Grimm's 'Mythologie' immediately following the one quoted by C. R. is so much to the purpose, that I shall add it to his quotation: and then I will leave the controversy to those whom it may concern.—

"The locality of the Deadman's Ferry, or whether or not it extended along the whole Gallic coast, I shall leave undetermined. According to Villemarqué, it was at the furthest point of Armorica, near Raz, where there is a bight of souls (*baie des âmes*). In Brittany, at the river of Treguier, in the Commune of Plouguél, the custom exists even to the present day of shipping dead bodies in a boat to the churchyard, across a small arm of the sea, called *passage de l'enfer*, instead of taking them by the shorter road, by land: and throughout Armorica the people believe, besides, that the souls of the dead at the moment of decease betake themselves to the Curé of Braspal, whose dog conducts them over to Great Britain. People hear the wheels of the soul-laden carriage rattling in the sky. It is covered with a white sheet; and is called *carr an ancou*, *carrikel an ancou* (souls-carriage). It is no more allowed to Christians to carry the bodies over to the island; but they bring them at least by water to the churchyard, and leave them to complete the journey through the air in a carriage instead of a ship. Further inquiries must tell whether or not similar sagas have been preserved in Normandy, Flanders, and Friesland." Grimm's 'Mythologie,' p. 793, second edition.—I am, &c.

JAMES LAURIE.

City Clerks' Chambers, Edinburgh, Feb. 23.

MM. D'ABBADIE AND DR. BEKE.

WE had hoped that this discussion was for the present brought to a close so far as our columns are concerned: but we cannot in fairness refuse to give

admission to the following testimonial offered in behalf of the Messrs. d'Abbadie, in their absence.—

7, Garden Court, Temple.

Twelve years of talent, of labour, and of fortune, during the prime period of life, devoted to the cause of scientific research in the inhospitable regions of Africa, have given to the Messrs. d'Abbadie's reputation some claim to public protection in Europe during their absence; and it is not by *ex-parte* statements of circumstances, worked up under a particular colour for a particular purpose, that their fair fame is to be destroyed and their credit undermined in the eyes of right-thinking and honourable judges. I feel, if I claim the privilege of your columns to say a few words in M. Antoine d'Abbadie's behalf, in reference to what I consider to be the groundless charges which Dr. Beke is endeavouring to establish by his communications in print and otherwise, that it will not be necessary for me to forestall explanation which may come with more propriety and force from M. d'Abbadie himself. I doubt not when the time arrives that he will successfully wield his pen with singleness of purpose and power against his detractors. What I desire to do now is to disclaim for him the deceit, misstatements, and ambiguity of conduct alleged against him by Dr. Beke in his last communication printed in No. 1112 of your Journal. As an eye-witness of many of the circumstances out of which the charges against M. d'Abbadie appear to have been elicited, and with a sufficient personal knowledge of him and his family, I am perhaps more competent than Dr. Beke to form an opinion of M. d'Abbadie's motives and of his conduct. I trust that I have a due and discriminating sense of honour and propriety: and if that portion of the public who may evince an interest in the credit of M. d'Abbadie's proceedings will for the present suspend their opinion and do me the honour to associate my advocacy of M. d'Abbadie's cause with the final judgment which they may be enabled to form of its integrity, I shall be content to stand or fall by the result.

FRED. AYRTON.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SOME weeks since we drew attention to the condition of the "houseless poor" of London, in reference to a scheme suggested for taking a number of railway arches and converting them into gratuitous lodging-houses. We have now before us the prospectus of a society which, taking our argument as its basis, proposes to carry out this scheme under the designation of "The Samaritan Society of England." So far as we yet understand its plan, the society proposes to itself three duties:—first, To establish cheap lodging-houses for the poor and refugees for the completely destitute;—secondly, by means of an extensive organization and a rapid system of communication with all charitable institutions, clergymen, and others throughout the country, to detect impostors and check the progress of professional vagrancy;—thirdly, to shelter and, if possible, reclaim discharged prisoners.—We cannot, of course, but give our hearty concurrence to this programme. Any earnest attempt to grapple with great social evils like these deserves support: and in this case the scheme appears to be conceived in a large and competent spirit. Crime and destitution—things not necessarily connected, but more frequently allied than eider-down philosophy is apt to conceive—are not to be dealt with by halves. The unfortunates who in this great city rise in the morning without knowing where they will lay their weary limbs at night are counted by thousands. In the bitterest of winter weather there are hundreds who cannot purchase shelter from the wind and rain; but take their painful rest—or what is all they know of rest—exposed to its rudest buffeting, in the open air—in parks, squares, and stony streets. Such wretches are often made criminal by their wrongs. They appear to have no place in the social provisions. Man casts them pitilessly forth to Nature—which in their respect seems merciless, and casts them back wounded and angry to the vengeance of man. To ask alms is a police offence:—it is a police offence to indulge in the luxury of a doorway, or to seek a stone step for a pillow, or a projecting corner for a cover. Everywhere these unfortunates are in the way. Flung into the street by the overcrowded union or its

insolent official, the street rejects them. The more fortunate are sent to prison: and these seldom wish to return to the freedom of starvation, in its varied senses. When turned out from gaol, the memory of its food and shelter follow them with an irresistible attraction. The way back is through Crime! The third portion of the "Samaritan" programme—shelter for discharged criminals—is, therefore, essential to the success of such a scheme of benevolence as is here contemplated. The following is the plan proposed:—

The Society intend to rent several arches from the various railway companies in the metropolis.—The arches in each district will be formed into first, second, and third class compartments for men; first and second for women. These tenements will be warmed with hot water, lighted with gas, be well ventilated, and be placed under the supervision of the police.—The first class will be furnished with iron beds, flock mattresses, blankets, &c.; and the charge will be twopenny per night, or one shilling per week.—The second class will be fitted up with slanting boards, such as are used by soldiers in their guard-rooms, with pillows and warm rugs; and the charge will be one penny per night.—The third class will be merely furnished with clean straw, and will be accessible to all at all times of the night, without charge.—Every applicant will be admitted for two consecutive nights; but those requiring a permanent lodging must produce a recommendation from a member of the society, or some respectable householder, in a printed form, which will be furnished by the secretary for that purpose in return for donations to the society.—A medical man will be appointed to superintend each district; and all applicants who present themselves before nine o'clock for examination will be admitted to the first and second class tenements.

Some of the second class arches may be turned into day schools—on the plan of the Rev. Mr. Queckett; who has leased three arches of the Blackwall Railway in which about six hundred children receive instruction. It is believed that the institution will be self-supporting, or nearly so, when properly organized.—We will watch its progress, and lend such assistance as we may be able.

The Earl of Rosse has issued cards as President of the Royal Society for Soirées on the four Saturdays, April 21, May 5 and 26, and June 16. The Soirées of the new President will be given in an extensive suite of rooms in Somerset House, placed at the disposal of the Royal Society for the purpose by the University of London.

On Monday week, Bernard Barton—long known as "the Quaker Poet"—died at Woodbridge in Suffolk, from a sudden attack of disease of the heart which had given its usual premonitory warnings. The events of his life were neither many nor marked. His long connexion with the Woodbridge Bank—his marriage and widowhood—the publication of his poems, and the notice which their first issue drew upon him—and the pension of 100*l.* a year not long since awarded to him—constitute the main incidents of his moderately lengthened and tranquil career. His popularity as a Poet must be largely ascribed to the emphasis laid by his early reviewers on verses put forth by one belonging to a sect erroneously rated as austere anti-poetical in practice. Now—no scandal against the Reviewers—the wonder of Bernard Barton as "a Quaker Poet" lay solely in the fact of publication. In spite of ordinances framed so as to bridle Imagination within limits where the "brisk and airy" spirit cannot possibly keep life and soul in her—the cases of exception, not to say evasion, are countless; and we do not speak without knowledge when we assert that there are few sects in which amateur verse-making is more largely and successfully cultivated as a recreation than it is in the Society of Friends. There is a certain genius however, it has been shrewdly observed, "in timely appearance;"—and Bernard Barton's verses, brought under a strong light by the surprise of his admiring critics, had the fortune to be accepted as representing his religious body before public attention was fairly drawn to Mr. Wiffen's elegant scholarship and pleasing versification—or before Mary and William Howitt appealed to the world "for admission into the choir" by their more irregular but more individual poems and ballads. We are told by a correspondent that much fugitive verse by Bernard Barton still exists in MS.—the number of volumes published being considerable. Whatever be his place in the Pantheon—whether in its inner or in its outer court—Bernard Barton will long be remembered by his many friends as a writer of elegant tastes and a man benevolent in theory and in practice. More consistent praise—considering the strict

rule under which it suited his conscience to live and to write—could hardly perhaps be awarded to a "Quaker Poet."

We have to announce, too, the death last week, at Wickham, Hants.—whither he had gone for the benefit of his health,—of Mr. David Robinson. Though little known by name, Mr. Robinson was for many years a contributor to the leading magazines; his writings in which often displayed great power, and excited much attention. Mr. Robinson was, however, one of those victims with which the by-places of literature abound,—for want of some institution within the republic of letters itself on which the sick and the destitute might have a citizen's claim. After years of hardly required toil, his latter days were tortured by an amount of distress and destitution such as seldom falls to the lot even of the suffering class to which he belonged.—He has left a wife and aged mother to an inheritance of his sufferings aggravated by the memory of his loss.

The daily papers record the death of Edward Forster, Esq., Vice-President of the Linnean Society, in the 84th year of his age.

The sale of a portion of M. Libri's library took place at Messrs. Sotheby's last week. It is very seldom that fifteen hundred lots of such beauty and rarity come to the hammer at the same time or fetch such good prices. The books were in uniformly good condition, and a great many of them finely bound. The catalogue was published some time since, and widely circulated, with fuller description than usual of the individual copies. The names of the former possessors, whether Francis I., Diana of Poitiers, De Thou, D'Esling, or others, were announced; thus identifying the copies, and giving public notice to all who will to endeavour to establish their claims upon any of them.—It is shameful that the French Government should allow this matter to proceed at the rate it does. Beaten at every point with a negative proved against every surmise in a manner almost unprecedented for a set of charges of so wide an extent—unable to establish the case of a single duodecimo against this asserted appropriator of folios by the hundred and the thousand—they seem to think that the affair will die out and be forgotten. But they are mistaken:—the opinion, not only of other countries, but of France itself will teach them that they must either by proving their charges or by a manly disavowal extricate themselves from the scrape into which anonymous letters and private piques have plunged them.

Our information upon the moon is enlarging,—and we shall soon have to hand over the subject to the Astronomer Royal, who will by it find the longitude of our correspondents. From one quarter we receive a Dorsetshire saw on the subject of a Saturday's moon.—

If a Saturday's moon
Come once in seven years it comes too soon.

Another sends us his experience for the last five years, giving rather a preponderance of dry weather after Saturday's moons.—For our parts, we now adjourn the question till the new moon of Saturday the 24th inst.

At the weekly meeting of the Society of Antiquaries on Thursday last, an announcement was made from the chair that will give general satisfaction to the members. It was officially stated that Viscount Mahon, the President, would adopt the custom prevailing in some other bodies, of giving, on the anniversary, a summary of the chief incidents of the year in relation to the Society, with notices of deceased and distinguished Fellows. We assume that his Lordship possesses too much good taste and judgment to make this annual address a vehicle for indiscriminate eulogy; and properly conducted it will be both an attractive and a useful ceremony. The next anniversary, as many of our readers are aware, is the 23rd of April,—St. George's Day. The usual business hitherto done on such occasions has been only the dull and formal proceeding of the election of the Council and Officers.

Final arrangements have been made for the removal of the screen in front of the British Museum. During the week, the materials have been brought to the hammer,—and, in the preliminary sense, "knocked down." In a few days, the pile behind will become visible to the passer-by.—The new street from Pimlico to Westminster progresses with wonderful

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tediousness; and meanwhile the narrow, tortuous thoroughfare which under several names now serves to connect, for all purposes of business, Parliament Street and the regions about Belgravia is completely clogged from morning till night with carts, waggons, omnibuses and vehicles of all kinds.—The new cut from Tottenham Court Road to St. Martin's Lane is also proceeding with less despatch than frequenters of the road could wish.—Speaking of public conveniences, we may notice that the Baths and Wash-houses behind the National Gallery promise to have great success. Although this is scarcely a bathing season, the daily number of bathers is very considerable. During the few winter weeks in which this institution has been open, the bathers have amounted to upwards of ten thousand.

A correspondent, writing from Naples under date of the 1st ult., says.—“Within the last month Vesuvius has been singularly active, and two large streams of lava issued forth, taking the direction of Boscorease and Ottajano. After causing much fear and injury, the mouths whence these issued closed again. Within a day or two, however, the mountain has again become particularly active; and a large stream of lava is coming down the east side in the direction of the Villa of Prince Ottajano, which it threatens to destroy, having already entered the grounds.”

The annual meeting of the governors, council, and members of University College, London, was held some days since, with Mr. Warburton in the chair.—Lord Brougham, as usual, justifying his presidency by his absence. The Report stated that during the session of 1847-48, 315 pupils in medicine, 252 in the arts, and 308 pupils of the junior school, had entered the College,—making a total of 875. The fees paid by them amounted in the whole to 15,302l. 14s. In the college classes of both faculties the number exceeded that of the former year—in medicine, by 12; in arts, by 20. In the junior school the pupils were less by 16 than in the preceding session. The number entered for the classes of the faculty of arts was 206, exclusive of 46 to the schoolmasters' classes. The new students were 104,—an increase of 7 in the aggregate. In the class of mathematics there are now 122 students,—last year the number was 117. The class of Latin has this year 79,—being an increase of 7. The class of architecture has increased from 29 to 32. The class of analytical chemistry in the Birkbeck Laboratory has progressively increased since its establishment, and now contains 23 students. In the junior school this term the number of boys is 253. The Council have decided on instituting three scholarships of 50l. per annum each to be awarded to the best proficient in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and natural philosophy. The Council had during the session been informed that the existing library and lecture-rooms were not large enough to accommodate the pupils; and they had therefore engaged Mr. Donaldson, the architect, to erect premises in the rear of the hospital, in the place of the erection destroyed by fire in 1836. The basement floor was for models of machinery and drawing; and there were also two large rooms, each to accommodate 150 students. The cost of the building, which was nearly finished, would be 7,657l.—The Committee regretted that the funds of the hospital were not in a flourishing condition, they having lately been 3,000l. in debt. To meet this demand, 1,200l. had been raised by subscriptions. A Mr. Kennedy had bequeathed the sum of 500l.; Her Majesty had that morning presented them with 300l. out of the estate of the late Mr. Sawyer, of York; and there were several other sums, amounting to 1,606l., which would enable them to clear the income of the hospital from imbecunance. There were 120 beds in the hospital, and there would soon be increased accommodation. The balance sheet showed that the endowment fund stood as follows:—The Flaherty scholarships, 5,714l. 7s. 6d.; Patriot, applied to schoolmasters' classes, 500l., and completing some part of the building, 3,000l.; the Holloway fund, 2,350l.; Andrews' scholarships, 6,161l.; Ricardo's library, 750l.; Fellowes's clinical medical fund, 700l.; Brundrett fund, 1,200l.; ditto reversionary fund after the death of annuitants, 1,335l.; the Bacon bequest, reversionary after the death of Mrs. Bacon, standing in the name of the Accountant-General, 10,000l.—The zealous non-attendance of Lord Brougham was acknowledged by

his re-election as President—and the Earl Fortescue was elected Vice-President.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL-MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is OPEN daily, from Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—LECTURES explaining the ART of MAGIC, by Mr. Shaw, with illustrations changed every week, daily, at a Quarter to Four and every Evening at Nine. Dr. Ryan's LECTURE on the CHEMISTRY of the BREAKFAST TABLE, daily, at a Quarter to Three o'clock. Dr. Bachoffner's ILLUSTRATIONS on ASTRONOMY, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at One o'clock. LECTURES on the VENTILATING of Mines, &c. by means of the STEAM JET. A VIEW in the GOLD DISTRICT of CALIFORNIA is added to the NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS. NEW CHROMATROPE MACHINERY and MODELS explained, &c. The Music is directed by Dr. Wallis.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—Jan. 18.—The Marquis of Northampton, V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read ‘On the Development and Homologies of the Carapace and Plastron of the Chelonian Reptiles,’ by Prof. Owen.

Jan. 25.—Sir R. H. Inglis, V.P. in the chair.—The following papers were read:—1. ‘Some remarks on a paper entitled, “On the Depth of Rain which falls in the same Localities at different Altitudes in the Hilly Districts of Lancashire, Cheshire, &c.” by S. C. Homersham, C.E.’ By J. F. Miller, Esq. The author, after alluding to the discordance between the conclusions at which he had arrived from a discussion of his meteorological observations in the lake district, described in a former paper, and those drawn from the same facts by Mr. Homersham in a paper read before the Society on the 25th of May last—states that the results for the year 1848 show a similar graduation to those of the two previous years; and that the whole of the observations appear to warrant the conclusion which he had ventured to draw from those detailed in his former paper. He remarks that, as the rain-gauges are, with one exception, situated on the high mountains surrounding the head of the Vale of Wastdale, this valley is the only one which can fairly be selected as a standard in comparing the quantities of rain obtained at the different mountain stations. The discordance between his conclusions and those arrived at by Mr. Homersham he considers to have arisen from that gentleman having selected the distant and excessively wet locality of Seathwaite, at the head of the southern fork of Borrowdale, as a representative of the quantity of water deposited in the valleys generally. If the receipts of the mountain gauges, he observes, be compared with the rain-fall at Wastdale Head, or in any of the other valleys except Seathwaite, it will be found that the quantity increases considerably up to 1,900 feet, where it reaches a maximum; and that above this elevation it rapidly decreases, until at 2,800 feet above the sea the amount is very much less than in the surrounding valleys. In conclusion, the author states that it appears to him that much of the discordance in the results obtained at various elevations amongst the mountains has arisen from the circumstance of the instruments having been placed on the slope or breast of the hill nearly in a line with each other; in which positions he is convinced from experience that when strong winds prevail the gauges are exposed to eddies or counter currents which prevent a portion of the water from entering the funnel, and thus a less depth of rain is obtained than is due to the elevation. The gauges under his superintendence being all stationed on either the top or the shoulder of the mountain, and exposed to the wind from every point of the compass, are not, he observes, open to this objection.

Feb. 1.—G. Rennie, Esq., Treasurer, V.P., in the chair.—The following paper was read:—‘On the Chemistry of Urea,’ by H. B. Jones.

Feb. 8.—The Earl of Rosse, President, in the chair.—A paper was read ‘On the Application of the Theory of Elliptic Functions to the Rotation of a Rigid Body round a Fixed Point,’ by J. Booth.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Feb. 12, and Feb. 26.—Paper read, Dr. Gutzlaff ‘On Tibet.’—Dr. Gutzlaff considers Tibet to be one of the most remarkable countries upon earth; situated on the highest plateau of Asia, and walled in by the most stupendous mountains of the globe. The inhabitants of the country are no less distinguished from the surrounding nations. The sacred cradle of Shamanism, Tibet, is governed by a hierarchy

possessed of the most absolute sway and supported by an army, not of soldiers, but of monks. In every habitable spot throughout the country monasteries and nunneries rear their heads in stately grandeur; while the mass of the inhabitants seem contented with the honour of contributing towards the support of this priestly system. A life of laziness is looked on as the highest bliss.—labour for daily bread as a disgrace. Situated between the two mighty empires of China and India, Tibet had during centuries continued its sluggish existence, when the inroad of its southern neighbours, the Nepalese and Ghoras, caused it to invoke the assistance of the Chinese. The Mantchoo came, bringing with him his artillery over the most frightful passes of Central Asia. The Nepalese invader was soon driven away; but the conqueror remained as master of the land. Into this he proceeded forthwith to introduce his anti-national system of exclusion; and Tibet, before difficult of access, became soon almost hermetically sealed. Dr. Gutzlaff has during his protracted residence in China availed himself of every opportunity for collecting information concerning that country; and his account is valuable and in some parts original. Considerable information had, however, previously been furnished by Marco Polo, Father Desideri, Turner, Moorcroft, and Kossios. After enumerating the ferocious habits of the different hill-tribes on the frontiers—for whom the more refined Chinese appear to entertain the utmost disgust.—Dr. Gutzlaff proceeds to furnish an account of the rivers of Tibet, their origin and continuation. The sources of the Indus, Sutlege, Dsandpoo, Hoang-ho, and Yang-se-kiang are enumerated; and the continuation of the Dsandpoo into the Irawaddy is endeavoured, contrary to the latest opinions, to be re-asserted. Some of the mountains of Tibet are said to overtop the highest peaks of the Himalayas; while the great lakes of the country with the grandeur of the surrounding scenery impress the beholder with awe. The capital, Lhasa, the principal residence of the Dalai Lama, with a population of 50,000 souls, contains many splendid monastic establishments, and is a place of considerable commercial intercourse. The Chinese carry the system of “divide et impera” in this country to perfection; and anxiously exclude all strangers—more particularly the English—from intercourse with the inhabitants. Food is, however, necessary in Tibet as in other countries; and the scarcity of provisions in some parts of the country obliges Chinese vigilance to wink at the introduction of corn from Cashmere and the Punjab. Minerals of various sorts abound,—and the quantity of gold collected in the temples is described as enormous. A large quantity of tea is annually received from China, which is paid for mostly in bullion. Russian merchants penetrate even to the markets of Tibet, crossing in small caravans the narrow part of the desert of Central Asia. Among the many strange customs of this unique people is that of polyandry. In Tibet it is a common occurrence for one woman to marry several brothers,—and we are gravely informed that these alliances work well. Dr. Gutzlaff concludes his paper with an historical account of Tibet, and some statistical data on the population, &c.

GEOLOGICAL.—Feb. 21.—Sir C. Lyell, President, in the chair.—The following communications were read. ‘Notice of the Gypsum of Plaister Cove in the Strait of Canseau,’ by J. W. Dawson, Esq.

‘On the Tertiary and more recent deposits at Nantucket in Massachusetts,’ by M. E. Desor and M. Cabot.

‘Notes on some recent Foot-prints on Marl in Nova Scotia, collected by Mr. B. Webster of Kentville,’ by Sir C. Lyell. In his ‘Travels in North America’ (vol. i. p. 168), Sir C. Lyell had described these impressions formed by the Tringa when running along the shore at low water in the Bay of Fundy. The tides there rise very high, and at neap tides leave large areas exposed, overspread with soft red marl, ready to receive the impressions of rain drops and the tracks of birds or other animals—which, when hardened by the heat of the sun, are permanently preserved. In some of the specimens exhibited the foot-prints were seen to penetrate through more than one layer of mud and to stand out in relief on the under side. There were also marks of the feet of a cat; which have displaced several of the

inferior layers, but without obliterating the previous impressions of the feet of the birds.

ASIATIC.—Feb. 17.—Sir G. T. Staunton, Bart., M.P., in the chair.—This meeting was made special, for the purpose of electing a President in the place of the Earl of Auckland; and, after an address by the Chairman, stating the grounds on which the Council had resolved to propose the Earl of Ellesmere, that noble lord was unanimously elected President. The meeting then proceeded to consider certain proposed alterations in the rules of the Society; when it was finally resolved, by a majority of votes, that instead of the President being elected annually, the office should be held for three years.—G. H. T. Heatley, Esq., Ali Mohammed Khan, and J. Stewart, Esq. were elected Members. The meeting was then adjourned.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Feb. 5.—A. Poynter, V.P. in the chair.—J. E. Grogan was elected a Fellow, and J. Gibson an Associate.

A paper was read by J. J. Scoles, 'On the Topography and Antiquities of the City of Jerusalem,' accompanied by drawings made by the author.

Some remarks were made by Mr. Fergusson in support of his published theory that the Mosque of Omar, with its pointed arches, was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre built by Constantine; which gave rise to some discussion,—the author of the paper expressing his opinion that pointed arches were not to be found in buildings erected by that Emperor.

Feb. 10.—S. Smirke, V.P. in the chair.—J. Fergusson and H. Oliver were elected Associates.

A paper was read by C. Barry, jun. descriptive of a mode of constructing malleable iron fire proof flooring, recently patented by Mr. Beardmore.—Mr. Barry described the experiments made by Mr. Beardmore, the result of which was the form of construction patented by him. This consists of a mere beam of sheet-iron of a reversed T form, having top and bottom flanges; the latter being connected with plates of the same material, on which is laid concrete or other noncompressible material, which keeps the beams in their vertical position, and thereby brings into action their full power to resist compression. The advantages of the materials employed are their perfect fire-proof character, their non-liability to disintegration on exposure to fierce flame, and the fact of their cohesion not being destroyed by sudden cooling; while the mode of construction is less expensive than the usual combination of brick arches and cast-iron girders, and occupies much less space between the ceiling and the floor line.

Some remarks were made by T. H. Wyatt on the Church of St. Andrew, at Greensted, in Essex, lately restored by himself and Mr. Brandon.—The interest attached to this little church arises from the material employed in its construction, from its undoubted antiquity, and from the strong evidence that exists of its having been originally built for the reception of the corpse of St. Edmund on its return from London to Bury St. Edmunds in the year 1013. The enclosing walls of the nave are formed of rough half oak trees, averaging about 12 inches by 6 inches, and about 6 feet high, including the sills and plates; from all appearances this is the original structure. The east end timbers were doubtless removed to make way for the red brick chancel erected about the beginning of Henry the Eighth's reign; and thus there remains no evidence as to whether the original form of the church was a parallelogram—or if an apse was at the eastern termination, as was so prevalent in the early churches. At the western end is a tower also of timber, erected at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and in which is a bell bearing the following inscription: "William Sand made mee, 1618." Mr. Wyatt described fully the construction of the roof and other parts; and in conclusion stated, in regard to the restoration, that those portions which from their completely decayed state had necessarily been removed had been replaced timber for timber.

STATISTICAL.—Feb. 19.—The Right Hon. H. Mackenzie, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Danson read a paper 'On the Commercial Progress of the Colonial Dependencies of the United Kingdom during the Twenty Years 1827-46.' After describing the geographical distribution, area, and commercial character of

the colonies, and their various populations, chiefly reviewing the course of events which since the close of the last war have kept the commercial relations of the colonies to each other and to the mother-country in a constant state of transition, Mr. Danson drew attention to a series of tabular statements prepared partly from the manuscript records of the House of Commons and partly from the manuscript records of the Colonial Office,—and presenting a detailed account of the values of the imports, exports, and shipping of each colony, during these twenty years. The most rapid rate of progression was shown by the Australian group; the exports from which, though the white population in 1846 did not exceed 200,000, had increased from an average annual value of 392,000*l.* in the five years 1827-31 to 1,330,000*l.* in the five years 1842-46. This was chiefly referable to the increased exportation of wool. Next in the order of progression were Ceylon and Mauritius; in which, respectively, the cultivation of coffee and sugar had made rapid advances of late years. The Cape and the North American colonies showed a slower rate of progression; and for the West India colonies, though they nearly maintained the value of their imports, their exports had apparently fallen off in value between 1832-36 and 1842-46 by nearly one-third. The apparent relations of these various rates of advancement to the abolition of slavery and to the successive relaxations of our restrictions on commerce during this period—as our treaties of reciprocity with foreign countries, the partial opening of the colonial trade in 1822, in 1825, in 1833, and in 1843, the opening of the East India trade in 1834, the equalization of the duties on East and West India sugars in 1835, the reduction of the protective duties on colonial timber in 1842-3, and the opening of additional ports in China in 1842—also to the progress of emigration and to the periodical alterations of speculation and discredit which have marked our commercial progress of late years, were then, in turn, brought to view with reference to each group of colonies. The correlative progress of emigration and of the aggregate exports of British produce (each appearing to reach with great regularity a maximum amount about once in five years) was also described somewhat in detail. And finally, the colonies were considered in their character of consumers of British produce; and in this character compared with the French colonies as consumers of French produce during the same period. The elaborate construction of the paper and the number and variety of the details preclude the statement within a moderate compass of more than the general result that, excepting the West India colonies, the progress shown afforded as to every group a satisfactory prospect of the future—as to some, extremely so; and that even as to the exception there were some indications of improvement. Perhaps the most remarkable practical inference to be drawn from this paper, however, was that suggested by the author's frequent reference to the defective condition of the official records whence his data had necessarily been obtained. It would appear that the arrangements at present in operation for securing a current record in this country of the commercial condition of the colonies are, with few exceptions, of an extremely defective description; and consequently that the most careful elaboration of the existing materials can hardly lead to other than doubtful conclusions.

HORTICULTURAL.—Feb. 20.—The Duke of Northumberland, V.P., in the chair.—The greatest novelty was a scapless primrose, covered with beautiful orange-eyed purple flowers of permanent character, exhibited by C. J. Darbishire, Esq., who found it growing on grassy land, which had recently been cleared of brushwood, in the neighbourhood of Kawak—a quarantine station on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, near the mouth of the Black Sea. It was stated that he had found it to be perfectly hardy, standing our winters well out of doors; but that, as it had a disposition to bloom early, if the roots were taken into the house in the latter end of the year it formed a beautiful ornament to the conservatory during a dull season. It was mentioned that its rich and delicate colour is only displayed to advantage, however, under bright sunshine, and that, when grown freely, its foliage is very large and robust; that it is a profuse bloomer,

and that it possesses a slight but delicious fragrance. It was stated to be not different from *P. alba* of the Russian botanists. It was awarded a Knightian medal.—J. Allnutt, Esq. sent a specimen of *Camellia rosea sasanqua*. It is well known that when large masses of soil like those in which camellias are grown get dry, it is difficult to water them all through, on account of the water passing off speedily by the sides of the pots. To prevent this, Mr. Allnutt sinks (slightly) into the surface of the ball, some two or three inches from the side of the pot or tub, a hoop of zinc or some such metal, which compels the water to pass down through the mass of soil instead of escaping by its side. It was stated that he practised this plan with all his large specimens, and with advantage not only to the plant but with regard to saving time and labour. A Banksian medal was awarded for the camellia.—Two sorts of sea kale were contributed by Messrs. Vilmorin, of Paris. English gardeners have not hitherto distinguished varieties of this vegetable; but it appears that the French have, and that the different kinds possess very different properties. Of the two sorts sent, one was the common violet-pointed sea kale; the other was nearly white, and was stated to be ten days earlier than the former, and less bitter.—After the ordinary meeting, the Society resolved itself into a special meeting for the purpose of electing a new Member of Council, in the room of the Earl of Auckland, deceased. His Grace the Chairman announced that the Council had recommended as successor the Right Hon. Lord Ashburton,—who was elected.

LINNEAN.—Feb. 13.—E. Forster, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Yates exhibited a series of leaves and fruits of different genera and species of plants belonging to the division of *Cycadeæ*; and presented to the Society a beautiful model of the fruit of *Encephalartos Caffr.* Mr. White read the first part of a memoir on the animals of the Assyrian monuments discovered by Dr. Layard, and now deposited in the British Museum.

Feb. 20.—G. Newport, Esq. in the chair.—Mr. A. White continued his paper. He commenced by pointing out the representations of a fallow deer, very vividly and accurately given,—the spotted body and palmed horns with two frontal snags marking the species. He made some remarks on the domesticated animals being created so. The beautiful drawing of the outline of the head of the fallow deer, and of a goat, with their distinctive peculiarities and artistic feeling and accuracy, he particularly dwelt on; as also on two groups of sheep and goats, most pictorially treated, especially in the upper compartment, where they are represented as being driven off to their pasture, after having been counted. This group he said would not be unworthy the examination of Edwin Landseer himself. A vulture closely allied to *Gyps tenuirostris* was also specially alluded to. He exhibited casts from the armlet and sword-scarabard of one of the kings, in which animals form the ornament, and showed how jewellers and modellers now should go to nature if they wished to please and improve the eye. He showed a wood engraving, one of several drawn from ivories from Assyria, in the same collection. Mr. White then referred to the lions with short manes figured in bas-relief on these monuments. He drew attention to the prickle or hook at the end of the tail, which was clearly shown in one of the examples in the first room of the British Museum. He entered at some length into what had been written, seen and said on this subject. The very bushy tail of the lions on the obelisk brought home by Dr. Layard he believed to be entirely the result of the rudeness of the art of that curious monument. He showed that there were traces on one or more of the sun-dried bricks of the foot-prints of what he believed to be some small digitigrade carnivorous animal, and expatiated on the importance of such ichnographical marks to the paleontologist. Mr. White exhibited, by favour of Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street, additional engravings from the Assyrian monuments brought home by Dr. Layard:—he selected those which had figures of animals on them.—Mr. White exhibited and made remarks on a fragment of a botanical diary kept by Mr. J. Niven, at the Cape of Good Hope, during his botanical and horticultural travels there, for Mr. Hibbert and the Empress Josephine. This was interesting as con-

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ZOOLOGICAL.—Feb. 20.—W. Yarrell, Esq., in the chair.—The most important announcement was at the end of the meeting, when the Secretary informed the Members of the safe *accouchement* of a most distinguished inhabitant of the Regent's Park,—her seraphic highness the giraffe. As the female camelopard, or giraffe (*Giraffa, serapha, serapha, seraph*, angel) is at the least sixteen feet high (lineal measurement), and as such an event does not occur every day, our readers will be pleased to hear that mother and giraffetta are doing well.—Mr. J. E. Gray exhibited and described a singular new species of Mexican tortoise, with three nails only to the hind feet. It formed according to this naturalist a new subgenus of the division *Cistuda*; he named it *Cistuda (Oxychatria) Mexicana*. Mr. G. B. Sowerby and Mr. Lovell Reeve exhibited, and read descriptions of, some new shells of the genera *Cyclotoma*, *Bulimus*, and *Tomarus*, &c. These shells belong to very extensive and beautiful groups, and were not yet figured either in Mr. Sowerby's works or in those of Mr. Reeve. Mr. A. White exhibited a drawing of an allegorical subject from Pompeii, in which the thorny lobster (*Palinurus vulgaris*) was well represented. He made a few remarks on the minute attention paid to natural objects by ancient artists.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 20.—J. Field, Esq., President, in the chair.—'On the Explosion of Fire-damp which occurred in the Eaglesbush or Eskyn Colliery, Neath, South Wales, on the 29th of March 1848,' by Mr. J. Richardson.

Feb. 27.—J. Field, Esq., President, in the chair.—A paper was read 'On Fire-proof Buildings,' by Mr. J. Braidwood. The author analysed the evidence as to the capability exhibited by cast and wrought iron beams for sustaining weights where they were exposed to any extreme changes of temperature. He demonstrated, by a collection of specimens of metal from buildings that had been destroyed by fire, that occasionally the temperature in the conflagration of large buildings rose almost to the melting point of cast iron: and that even in a small fire beams and columns of cast-iron would be so affected by the heat and the jets of water thrown upon them, that they would probably be destroyed, and sometimes cause a fearful loss of life; as in many of the so-called fire-proof warehouses of the city, a number of persons employed on the premises slept in the upper floors, and if the lower beams gave way, the whole would be dragged down suddenly.—whereas timber beams resisted fire some time, and allowed time for the inmates to escape. Another point which the author considered had not been sufficiently insisted on was the derangement of the brickwork by the expansion of the iron beams at high temperature, and its sudden contraction on the application of cold water; and, also, from the mortar becoming completely pulverized by the excessive heat, instances of which have been known to occur. The following were the principles on which Mr. Fairbairn had proposed to construct fire-proof buildings.—1. The whole of the buildings to be composed of incombustible materials, such as iron, stone, or brick. 2. That every opening or service communicating with the external atmosphere be kept closed. 3. An isolated stone or iron staircase to be attached to every story, and to be furnished with a line of water-pipes communicating with the mains in the street. 4. The different warehouses to be divided by strong partition walls, and no more openings to be made than are absolutely necessary. 5. That the iron columns, beams, and brick arches be of a strength sufficient not only to support a continuous dead pressure, but also to resist the force of impact to which they are subject. Lastly, That in order to prevent the columns from being melted, a current of cold air be introduced into the hollow of the columns from an arched tunnel under the floors. Mr. Braidwood argued that there could be no doubt, if the second principle could be enforced, a fire would go out of itself; but it was very doubtful if the object was not defeated by carelessness in leaving a door or a window open just at the time when a fire occurred. The fifth principle showed that Mr. Fairbairn had not laid sufficient stress on the loss of strength to the iron consequent on an increase of temperature; and the last principle, it was thought, would not be likely to

answer the purpose, as a specimen of 1½ inch cast-iron pipe, on being heated in the centre, with both ends open, and a current of air passing through it, gave way, on one end being held in a vice, and the other pulled with slight force by the hand, after an exposure of only four minutes in the fire. For these reasons and others, the author submitted that large buildings containing considerable quantities of combustible goods, and constructed on the usual system, were not practically fire-proof; and that the only construction which would render such buildings safe would be groined brick arches, supported by pillars of the same material laid in cement. The author was also of opinion that the loss by fire would be much reduced if warehouses were built of a more moderate size, and separated from each other by strong party walls, instead of being constructed in immense ranges into which when fire had once penetrated it set at defiance all efforts to extinguish it.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Feb. 16.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Mr. Grove 'On Voltaic Ignition.' Mr. Grove introduced his subject by asserting that the only philosophical idea of heat was that which regards it as a repulsive power—that, with the single exception of water and other bodies which assumed a crystalline form when about to freeze (a condition which Mr. Grove ascribed to a polar state which these substances then took), all matter expanded by heat. Mr. Grove here referred to the experiments of Fresnel and Saigy on discs in vacuo, and the still more recent researches of Prof. Baden Powell on Newton's rings, as showing the repulsive effect of heat, measured by tints of light. This expansion of matter, so caused, can be communicated to neighbouring bodies. In the case of heat produced by intense chemical action, the effect was ascribed to the physical force of a species of molecular friction on the particles acted on. This chemical force is capable of transfer by the voltaic battery, and the calorific force moves with it. It was proved by an experiment on a compound wire of silver and platinum that in proportion to the increase of conducting power, ignition was diminished. Mr. Grove here referred to recent researches of his own to prove that this calorific action was affected by external causes. The same current was sent through two coils of fine platinum wire, one of which was surrounded by an atmosphere of air, the other by an atmosphere of hydrogen, when it was found that the wire in air became white-hot, while that in hydrogen was not heated. This phenomenon Mr. Grove ascribed either to the mobility of the particles of the hydrogen, or to the vibrations moving away from the vibrating surface, or to the state of the surface itself, hydrogen being, as to radiating power, to air what the colour black is to white. That this cooling effect does not depend on rarefaction, is proved by the intense heat and light produced by the current in vacuo. Mr. Grove then proceeded to show how the chemical force in the battery acted on masses of matter interposed in the circuit. He exhibited, first, the attraction of gold-leaf terminals and then explained how liquid masses similarly attracted each other, and noticed a remarkable experiment lately performed by him with M. Gassiot's large battery of 500 cells (Grove's battery): of the two platinum poles, the positive was placed under water, the negative held over it, when a cone of flame issued from the surface of the water towards the negative pole, on the extremity of which a small globule was formed, which fell off as soon as the current was suspended. These facts may serve to explain more clearly the phenomena of the voltaic arc. Mr. Grove then exhibited paper on which the strong disruptive effect of the electric battery had dispersed metallic wires, and he showed that these explosions had always occurred in a line transverse to that of the current. He inferred that when ignition commenced in the wire its molecules assumed a transverse polar direction. He stated that when platinum is ignited by the current under circumstances which admit of the effects being accurately noticed, it contracts, swells, and breaks, and that a lead wire, similarly acted on, becomes divided by a series of transverse facets. In conclusion, Mr. Grove adverted to recent endeavours to obtain voltaic light for practical purposes. After noticing that no greater power of producing light had been obtained since the invention of his nitric

acid battery, nine years ago, Mr. Grove stated that recent calculations led him to believe that for some purposes, such as the illumination of light-houses, especially where an intermittent light was wanted, and of the interior of large buildings, it might possibly be adopted at no very remote period. He mentioned that the light of 1,440 candles might be obtained at about 4s. per hour; but this concentrated light was not applicable for streets. The whole subject, however, was beset by many mechanical difficulties.

Feb. 23.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., Treasurer, in the chair.—Rev. J. Barlow 'On Mr. Phillips's Fire Annihilator.' The annual destruction of property to the amount of more than two millions sterling, and the fearful loss of human life, necessitate additional resources against fire. The destructive agent of conflagration is flame. It is flame which occasions violent draught, produces the most intense heat, and most rapidly generates those suffocating vapours which render the burning apartment inaccessible. Mr. Barlow remarked that the origin and continuance of flame depended on two conditions—firstly, that the combustible material should be raised to, and kept at, a temperature high enough to afford a constant supply of inflammable gas; and, secondly, that it should be constantly fed with pure air. The usual remedy against fire is water. But water is able to interfere with the first of these conditions only. Unless the burning substance be so saturated with water that it cannot give out combustible gas, within a very few minutes after it has been set on fire, the heat of the flame first extends, and then ignites other inflammable gases and vapours from various parts of the room; the flames are thus dispersed about the apartments; and by the time that the engine arrives, the contents of the house are frequently consumed. Mr. Phillips proposes to subdue flame by effectually disturbing the second condition of its continuance—access of pure air. The object of the Fire Annihilator is to diffuse through the atmosphere (already vitiated by the combustion) of an apartment on fire, a quantity of carbonic gas and steam, and thus render the continuance of flame impossible. These gases and vapours are generated in a portable apparatus, which, when intended for the protection of private dwellings, weighs from twenty to thirty pounds; and the construction is such that the aeriform fluids can be evolved in less than three seconds on touching a spring. When saw-mills or docks and large magazines are to be protected, Mr. Phillips recommends that larger machines should be stationed at convenient situations. The effects of Mr. Phillips's apparatus were exhibited in the lecture-room. A large volume of flame was made to issue from models of a house, a room, and a ship; and these flames were extinguished as soon as the Fire Annihilator was brought to bear upon them. Mr. Barlow remarked in conclusion that while the common fire engine was necessarily tardy, required great power to work it, was liable to be rendered ineffectual by accidental circumstances, and occasioned inevitable damage to furniture, &c., the fire annihilator was always at hand, always ready for use, easily set in action, and that its coming into action when required might be as surely relied on as the discharge of a percussion gun when the trigger was pulled:—that it occasioned no injury to furniture; and, above all, that though it acted by producing fierce combustion, those who used it need apprehend no injury from it.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—Feb. 13.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair.—Mr. D. W. Nash read a paper 'On the Builders of the Third Pyramid.' The author endeavoured to show that the building of the Pyramids of Memphis was to be attributed to monarchs of a foreign or non-Egyptian race. The marked difference between these sepulchral edifices and the contemporaneous tombs of native Egyptians in the immediate neighbourhood, and the total absence of hieroglyphic legends or mythic representations in the interior of the pyramids, were adduced in support of this view. The name of Shoufoo and the marks in the chambers of construction of the Great Pyramid were clearly, from their position, to be excluded from the consideration, and offered no obstacle to this opinion. With regard to the coffin found in the Third Pyramid, Mr. Nash contended that the name read Menkare on this relic consisted of idiophonetic

signs which could not without a forced system of construction be interpreted Heliodotos, and therefore did not correspond with the king called Moscheres by Eratosthenes. He contended that the common termination "cherres" in many names of Pharaohs was equivalent to the "re" in Mares,—that the sign read "ka" was no element of that word,—and that the name upon the coffin was not the name of a king of the fourth dynasty. The testimony of Manetho to the building of the Third Pyramid by Queen Nitocris was examined in opposition to the statements of Herodotus, Diodorus and Strabo. Mr. Nash rejected altogether the supposition that the body found in the Third Pyramid had any connexion with the coffin-lid from the same monument; considering it to be proved by the hieroglyphic legend on the latter, in which the deceased is identified with the Osirian funeral myth, that the Egyptian mythological and psychostatic opinions were as fully developed when that legend was inscribed as at the date of the eighteenth dynasty, and involved the embalment of the body and the performance of the usual funeral ceremonies,—in which case, the presence of the coarse woollen cloth enveloping the bones was sufficient to decide that they did not belong to an Egyptian monarch. The concurrent testimony of Manetho and the Greek writers to the foreign origin of the female to whom tradition ascribed the building of the Third Pyramid under the names of Rhodopis, Doricha and Nitocris was commented on, and the connexion of the latter with the former explained by the interpretation of the name Nitocris, as Neit-toshr, the "red neit or queen." Referring to the eulogies lavished by the Chevalier Bunsen on the king Mykerinus of Herodotus, and the supposed confirmation of the character attributed to him by the Greek author from the appearance of the name Menkare in the Book of the Dead as pointed out by Dr. Lepsius, Mr. Nash observed that the sixteenth chapter of that ritual does not appear to contain any epithets of reverence or commendation connected with the name of Menkare, so as to afford any confirmation of Bunsen's views. He objected to the theory of the latter respecting the double character of the Third Pyramid: observing that according to Diodorus the name of Mykerinus was inscribed on its outer face,—while according to Bunsen the pyramid of Mykerinus had been covered over by that of Nitocris 500 years after the death of the former sovereign. He concluded that the later interment was that of the monarch to whom the coffin lid belonged, and that he was of a more recent date than the termination of the sixth dynasty.—By the kindness of Mr. James Madden of Lendenhall Street, the original drawings made by Mr. Prisse in Nubia were exhibited: and Mr. George R. Gliddon communicated particulars of that gentleman's life and travels, and spoke of the fidelity of his sketches and of their value in an ethnological point of view.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON.** British Architects, 8, P.M.
 — Pathological, 8.
 — Chemical, 8.
 — Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Monthly Meeting.
 — Royal Academy, 8.—Sculpture.
TUES. Linnean, 8.
 — Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'A Description of the Camden Station of the London and North-Western Railway,' by Mr. H. B. Dockray, M. Inst. C.E.—Monthly Ballot for Members.
 — Royal Institution, half-past 8.—W. B. Carpenter 'On Palaeontology.'
 — Horticultural, 8.
WED. Geological, half-past 8.
 — College of Physicians, 4.—Croonian.
THURS. Antiquaries, 8.
 — Royal Society of Literature, 4.
 — Royal, half-past 8.
 — Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Dr. Gull 'On Physiology of Digestion.'
 — Royal Academy, 8.—Painting.
FRI. Astronomical, 8.
 — Philological, 8.
 — Royal Institution, half-past 8.—B. C. Brodie 'On Chemical Relations of Wax and Fat.'
 — College of Physicians, 4.—Lumleian.
SAT. Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Prof. Brande 'On Chemical Philosophy.'

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Professor Leslie's Lectures on Painting.

LECTURE III.

TURNBULL, a writer on Painting of the last century, considered Historical Painting as belonging to Moral Philosophy, and Landscape Painting to Natural Philosophy. But it would be more accurate to view every class of Painting as connected both with Natural

and Moral Philosophy; for Landscape and even Still-life, as the interpreters of those beauties of Nature which escape common observation, tend to increase our admiration of the works of the Creator, and have, therefore, not only a moral but a religious tendency.

There is, however, a marked difference between the progress of all the Fine Arts and that of Natural Science, which, since the revival of learning, has always been one of improvement. The knowledge of Nature acquired in one age has been retained by the next, and fresh knowledge added to the regularly increasing stock. The chemist, the geologist, the astronomer, the anatomist of to-day, correct the mistakes of their predecessors of yesterday, authenticate discoveries that may have been doubted when made, and decipher new pages from the book of Nature.

Now, though the advancement of Painting, from the commencement of its restoration, was also one of tolerably regular improvement up to the point to which it arrived in that proud epoch in which Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian and Correggio were, at the same time, producing works of such varied and transcendent excellence, yet a rapid decline immediately followed. Painting again rose, at first with feebler powers, and afterwards in her strength, in Italy, Spain and the Low Countries, again to sink into mediocrity,—again to be revived, and by Englishmen.

But at every re-appearance we see her much changed. She has lost some things and gained others, the relative value of which will always vary in the estimation of critics according to the varieties of their minds and temperaments. One thing, however, we may gather from the history of Art—a great painter never seems destined to supersede the great ones before him,—he never takes possession of all that was known and keeps it in addition to his own discoveries, as is the case with the astronomer, the chemist, or the geologist. Rubens does not eclipse Michael Angelo, nor Reynolds Titian; and the attempt in one age to repeat *exactly* what has been done in another is a deception practised by the artist on himself and on the world, which, though it may gain him immediate fame and profit, invariably ends in shutting out his name from the high places of fame. I am aware that I am here but repeating what I have more than once said. But it seems to me so important that the history of Art, with which we have now ampler means than ever of becoming acquainted, should be studied to our profit, that I would rather incur censure for saying too much, than lose any opportunity of placing in the strongest light, what I conceive we may learn from the past of the true principles of Imitation.

How it is that the discoveries of Art are not to be held fast like those of Science may be accounted for by a combination of causes, among which I will only mention the uncertainty of taste and the caprices of fashion. These cannot interfere, or if they can but very slightly, with the pursuits of science. But fashion, which will patronize what is right if it be new, is always ready to adopt what is wrong, if it be specious, for the mere sake of novelty, with which it requires to be constantly fed. Reynolds, in the height of his popularity, was deserted by the fashionable world for Madame Lebrun, and instances of the like inconsistency might be multiplied from every period of Art. Even the times of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo the Tenth, which are supposed to unite in a golden age of taste, are marked by some unaccountable caprices. There is, I believe, no evidence of any notice having been taken by Lorenzo of his townsman Da Vinci,—and the mighty powers of Michael Angelo, while in their full prime, were allowed to be shamefully wasted during the entire pontificate of Leo.

I will not, however, prolong this inquiry,—but will proceed to the subjects to which I ask your attention, this evening, Invention and Expression in Painting.

Properly considered, they are both inseparable from everything in Art. Without expression landscape is of no value; and even when strictly topographical, unless it be elevated by choice in all its appearances in which there is freedom of choice (the basis of invention), it is not Art. I shall, however, confine myself for the present to the consideration of the invention of story, and the expression of passion and sentiment.

Whatever there may be of difference among men

in the fertility of the inventive faculty, there can be no doubt but that habits of observation are of the greatest importance to its development. Thus Raphael has well been called an "examiner of men."—The perception of what is false is, at least, a step towards the knowledge of what is true; and it will be found that the conventional and the affected are the result of that species of mind that will not let Nature have her own way;—that has formed, indeed, its notions of consistency independently on observation. To explain what I mean, I would say that had such a mind to deal with a story of love, like that of Romeo and Juliet, it would have deemed it a profanation of the passion to make, as Shakespeare has done, Juliet the successor of Rosaline in the heart of Romeo.

The ideal of such writers or painters is not an ideal of selection but an ideal of their own, or more properly, I believe, in most cases an ideal imitated from other similarly constituted minds; for in all their productions there is a remarkable family likeness. Throughout their delineations of life there is an absence of all that delicate discrimination of the subtle lights and shades of character which a thorough and unbiassed acquaintance with the men and women that surround us can only teach. Instead of such representations in painting real life, they give us faultless heroes and heroines opposed to characters of motiveless atrocity;—and when their subjects are above the world, they mistake the conventional for entirely for the ideal as to keep themselves equally out of the sphere of our sympathies.

Such minds remain in a state of perpetual childhood;—often they are highly amiable and as often cold and unsympathizing. With the best intentions, they can effect no good, but may very much mislead,—for a writer or painter can only serve the cause of morality in the degree in which he is true to Nature. In Shakespeare we discover no aim to enforce a moral, but he is the most moral of all the delineators of life, because he is the truest.

It is a mistake to suppose that human nature may not be studied within a confined limit. The constant inhabitant of a village may learn far more of mankind, if he be a close and fair observer, than he whose life is spent in traversing the world if he observes not carefully, and above all if he studies not himself. Indeed, the opportunities of knowing a few individuals long and intimately are more favourable to a knowledge of Nature than seeing much of the surface of life, which is nearly all that is seen in travelling. Few men ever travelled less than Shakespeare, few less than Raphael, few less than Hogarth.

In referring to the assistance Painting may derive from Science, I should omit a duty were I not to call your attention to a most valuable contribution of knowledge and taste to Art,—Sir Charles Bell's work on the 'Anatomy of Expression.' On consulting such a book, the painter will find how little he can trust to his own unassisted observations of Nature, in many cases, and particularly in all with which disease, either of mind or body,—or death in its many forms, have to do. And so it is with everything in which scientific knowledge may assist the eye.

In the study of Art we may take a hint from what Burns has recorded of his study of Poetry. After enumerating the stock of books to which he had access, when about sixteen years of age, he adds that a collection of English songs was his *ode mecum*. "I pored over them," he tells us, "driving my cart or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true tender or sublime from the affectation and fustian; and I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is." We here see how constantly the art that was to distinguish Burns was in his thoughts. This spoiled him for a farmer, but enabled him to leave an undying name.

In the loose language in which the productions of Art are spoken of we often hear of the *creations* of the poet or the painter. But invention is *combination*, not *creation*; and in Painting whatever may with any degree of correctness be called *creation* can only be the monstrous or the false. Mannered Art of every description is properly a creation of the pencil. It has graces, expressions, styles of composition, lights, shades, and colours all its own, and is mistaken, by the mannerist himself and by his employers, for the ideal.

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Selection and Combination are then the principles on which invention, like everything else in Art, must proceed; and in recurring so frequently to them, I would observe that I wish as much as possible to avoid splitting general principles into rules, as I constantly find that wherever a rule is laid down for practice in particular cases, instances will be found in Art in which it has been "more honoured in the breach than the observance." The only mode therefore in which instruction can be conveyed, after the general principles derived from Nature are stated, is to draw attention, in detail, to the varieties of practice that have prevailed in different ages and schools, and ascertain how far they are founded in truth,—not so much to recommend their imitation as to form tastes for ourselves that may serve for safe guides in new and untried ways.

Invention and Expression are the powers that have always first displayed themselves in Art, modified, of course, by the existing conditions of society. In the dark ages, Religion was driven by the ferocity of the times into the Monastery and the Hermitage, whither she was accompanied by all that remained of Learning. Convents, therefore, became the nurseries of Art and of Science, as well as of Religion, and Painting, in the hands of the mediæval artists, was consequently employed almost exclusively on contemplative and devotional subjects. Giotto was, I believe, the first dramatic painter of much genius,—and whether, in the age of Julius or Leo, he might have been what Raphael was, is a question that it may be honourable to both to ask, but which it is fair to both that it should be left without an attempt towards an answer. As it is, the advantage, if it be but that of time, is on the side of Raphael, and he stands forward pre-eminently as the painter of Christianity, not confined to the cloister, but entering into the world, adapted to the world,—sympathizing with all that is human, relieving the infirmities and satisfying all the real wants of our nature, to purify and to elevate it. And to be this it was necessary that Raphael should be, as Fuseli calls him, "the warm master of our sympathies,"—as well as heir to all the highest powers of the artists who preceded him.

The Cartoons make me present at the scenes they represent more than the works of any other painter who has treated such subjects; and it is only in the recollection of them that I can fancy I have seen the Apostles. It may be unfair to judge entirely of Leonardo's 'Last Supper' from our copy, fine as it is, or I should say that, with the exception of that of the Saviour, all the heads there, are less satisfactory than those of the same personages in the Cartoons.

In their representations of humanity, the earlier Italian painters, as far as I can judge, seem to have given portraits of persons about them, with little attention to propriety of character; in this respect resembling the *naturalists* of the latter part of the sixteenth century. They were ideal only in their impersonations of the divine. Where, however, their subjects were dramatic, their inventions are often very fine, and the engravings from the Campo Santo at Pisa will show you from whence many of the materials of Raphael and Michael Angelo were derived. But whatever Raphael adopted, either from this great treasure-house of Mediæval Art or from other sources, he adopted to improve, which cannot perhaps be so strictly said of Michael Angelo, whose 'Last Judgment' might probably have been better planned, as unquestionably the principal figure might have been more finely conceived, had he never seen the 'Last Judgment' of Orcagna.

The great work of that early painter, 'The Triumph of Death' has, however, not been limited, to my knowledge, in its principal feature; indeed the conception is so fine as to preclude amendment. Nothing could be added, nothing taken from it without injury. Our associations of the skeleton form with Death have, it is true, to be got rid of at the first sight of the beldame of Orcagna, an Atropos armed with a scythe, with streaming hair, and the wings and talons of a harpy. She disregards the solicitations of a group of beggars, and hastens towards a party of fair dames and gallant cavaliers who are seated under the shade of orange trees listening to minstrelsy, while cupids are fluttering above them. This group is separated from the

beggars by a heap of the dead and the dying, kings, queens, churchmen, warriors, lords, and ladies, many of them still grasping in their hands the things of the world. No finer sermon was ever painted;—and it has a passage which I cannot but notice because it does the highest honour to the painter's feelings, when we consider the spirit of the age in which he lived. Among the poor and the miserable who are calling on Death for relief, a wretched man extends towards the phantom his arms, from which both hands have been lopped by the barbarity of the law, which is evident from the mutilation also of his features. Now, though the obtrusion of objects of horror is, in most cases, unjustifiable,—yet here the humanity of the motive, undoubtedly that of interesting the better feelings of the rulers of his time, and opening their eyes to the cruelty of their laws, places the painter among the benefactors of his species.

Thus it is that intentions and circumstances may so entirely change the character of the imagery of Painting as to render it impossible to lay down any mere rule to which an exception may not prove an excellence of the highest order.

Hogarth, in his 'Gin Lane,' has accumulated objects of horror far beyond this.—An admirable critic, speaking of the coarse etching of this subject, which was published by Hogarth at the lowest possible price that it might be accessible to the poor classes for whose instruction it was intended, says, "Everything in the print, to use a vulgar expression, tells. Every part is full of 'strange images of death.' It is perfectly amazing and astounding to look at. Not only the two prominent figures—the woman and the half-dead man, which are as terrible as anything which Michael Angelo ever drew,—but everything else in the print contributes to bewilder and stupefy; the very houses, as I heard a friend of mine express it, tumbling all about in various directions, seem drunk—seem absolutely reeling from the effect of that diabolical spirit of frenzy which goes forth over the whole composition. To show the poetical and almost prophetic conception of the artist one little circumstance may serve. Not content with the dead and dying figures which he has strewed in profusion over the proper scene of the action, he shows you what (of a kindred nature) is passing beyond it. Close by the shell, in which, by the direction of the parish beadle, a man is depositing his wife, is an old wall, which, partaking of the universal decay around it, is tumbling to pieces. Through a gap in this wall are seen three figures, which appear to make a part in some funeral procession which is passing by on the other side of the wall out of the sphere of the composition. This extending of the interest beyond the bounds of the subject could only have been conceived by a great genius. Shakespeare, in his description of the painting of the Trojan War in his 'Tarquin and Lucrece,' has introduced a similar device where the painter made a part stand for the whole:—

"For much imaginary work was there,
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Gripped in an armed hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head.
Stood for the whole to be imagined."

This he well calls imaginary work, where the spectator must meet the artist half way; and it is peculiar to the confidence of high genius alone to trust so much to spectators or readers. Lesser artists show everything distinct and full, as they require an object to be made out to themselves before they can comprehend it."

I was unwilling to abridge this eulogium on Hogarth, which is as just as it is eloquent and instructive. It is from the pen of one of the most refined, one of the purest-minded and warmest-hearted of men—Charles Lamb; and it is only to be regretted that in his Essay on the great moral painter—the best ever written—he has introduced a comparison between him and Reynolds, disparaging to the latter. Hogarth neither needs nor can gain any elevation in this way. Sir Joshua and he are as two great luminaries in the Art of their country, neither of which is in the slightest degree dimmed by the other.

Christian Art was checked in its earliest stages by the dread of idolatry; and it seems from this fear that the first Christian artists refrained, or were pro-

hibited, from any attempt to introduce representations of the real person of our Saviour into their works. Another reason for this is supposed to have resulted from a literal construction of the passage in Isaiah in which it is said, "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him." The figurative image of the Good Shepherd was, therefore, adopted; at other times a lamb or a vine were the types resorted to, and even Orpheus alluring the beasts of the forest by the sound of his lyre became, though less frequently, a type of Christ teaching. This system of typical representation accounts for the frequent preference of subjects from the Old Testament. Abraham, in the act of sacrificing Isaac, alluded to the one great Sacrifice,—the rock struck by Moses was "the spiritual Rock, the stream, the Well of salvation," and the ascension of Elijah to Heaven the ascension of our Lord.*

This system was adopted also by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel,—where Christ appears only as the Judge of the World;—and Raphael, in the frescoes of the Vatican, complimented the Popes Julius the Second and Leo the Tenth by typical allusions to passages in their lives. The subjects in which he has done this were no doubt suggested to him, and not perhaps such as he would have chosen; but the skill with which he has managed the unavoidable anachronisms cannot be too highly praised.

When, however, near the close of his life, Raphael was employed by Leo to furnish a series of designs for tapestry, from the New Testament, to adorn the Sistine Chapel, he was no longer fettered by any other than the direct meaning of the story,—and he produced the Cartoons, of which the seven that (so fortunately for this country) belong to the Royal collection, and which are the only ones that exist, would alone have given him his transcendent reputation; were they the only series of his works known to us, containing, as they do, the highest sororings of his genius.

In 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes' we see the Redeemer selecting his friends and ministers from the humblest class of men. In 'The Charge to Peter' the choice is ratified in a still more solemn manner. In 'The Death of Ananias' and in 'The Punishment of Elymas' the gospel purity is vindicated,—at Lystra, and at the Beautiful Gate, its beneficence is manifested,—while at Athens it opposes the pride of philosophy, and demands of the sophists that they should become as little children. It is true these subjects might have been selected, as some of them have been, by other painters; but the peculiar feeling with which Raphael has treated them belonged to himself alone,—and there is not an instance in which any story of the series has been repeated by another hand, however great, which is not comparatively a failure.

In 'The Sacrifice at Lystra,' the centre group, consisting of the kneeling priests and the man who is about to strike the victim, is taken from an antique bas-relief. But this group, though occupying the larger portion of the picture, is but accessory to the story of the miracle.—I have before noticed the introduction of the two sweet children at the altar—an exquisite emanation of Raphael's own gentle mind. The charm is not in their being there, but in their inattention to what is going on about them;—so natural and so unlike the mode in which children are often represented by inferior painters with expressions beyond their years;—and I would here remark, in passing, that Raphael as well as Michael Angelo, in their 'Holy Families,' suffered themselves (and very rightly) to be guided by nature rather than by prescription. This, I think, will generally be found in comparing such subjects by them with the treatment usual among Mediæval painters. In the beautiful unfinished marble by Michael Angelo in our Library, you will particularly observe the preference of a natural to a mystical treatment.

The happy invention by which the story of the miracle at Lystra is told by Raphael has been so often the theme of praise, that I need not dwell on it. But if, on this most admirable work, so filled with the very highest qualities of Art, I might venture any remark in the way of objection, it would be on the action and expression of St. Paul. Nothing can be more elegant than the lines of the figure;

* See 'Handbook of Painting for Italy.'

but (and this is rare indeed with Raphael) the meaning is not clearly expressed. The left hand does not hold the drapery so that it could be torn, and the attitude altogether seems to me wanting in that energy that so peculiarly characterized St. Paul.

How different he is from the earnest man who, on the steps of the Arcopagus, directs the group of philosophers before him to the true God, you cannot fail to perceive. We here see St. Paul himself,—the Paul whose fervid eloquence made Felix tremble and almost persuaded Agrippa to become a Christian as he stood in chains before them. In the whole wide range of Raphael's compositions I know not one, indeed, in which truth of expression and discrimination of character are carried farther than in this cartoon. The Stoic whose principles of self-denial and endurance may in some degree have prepared him for the reception of the new doctrine, or at any rate do not demand its rejection, stands with his head declined on his breast, his eyes closed, and his mantle closely wrapped about him, "thinking from head to foot," as it has been happily observed. Next to him a Cynic, with a mind as hard as the crutch on which he leans, listens not without some interest to a doctrine so little palatable to the rich man the luxurious. The Epicurean (the next figure) is amused rather than interested; and behind him an older man is solving in his mind some doubt to which the arguments of the apostle have given rise. The space between these and the Saint is filled by the "eager disputants of the Academy," while on the steps close behind him sits a *caviller by nature*, who is craftily watching for some contradiction—some illogical deduction in the chain of argument, and beyond him we see a gross figure, the personification of a sensuality that stands entirely between its victim and the pure religion that is preached for the first time in Athens.—But how striking is the contrast presented to all these by the two nearest figures of the composition—Dionysius, the Areopagite, and Damaris. Their hearts are penetrated, they regard what they hear, not as a system of philosophy, but as divine truth, and they advance with a modest and earnest reverence to the Apostle,—expressed as Raphael alone could express it.

If the head of the Saviour even as it appears in the copy which we possess of Leonardo's great work be, as it seems to me, the best image of a countenance of which no representation can ever satisfy us,—the heads in 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes' and 'The Charge to Peter' are perhaps the next in value. The expression "divine" is often applied to human works by an hyperbole of language which custom has sanctioned, but where is the power that is to give the divine in expression, or where the authority by which the attainment is to be confirmed? With a lofty conception of humanity we must be content. In Leonardo's work such a conception shows us the 'Man of Sorrows,' in 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes' the gentlest of masters, but in 'The Charge to Peter,' where we expect so much more, Art could go no higher.

Are, then, such subjects as this or 'The Transfiguration,' or 'The Last Judgment,' not to be painted? Whatever may be the answer to this question, an objection that rests on the inadequacy of human powers would exclude a great deal from Art that we should be sorry to lose. It would exclude, for instance, Claude's representations of the sun, or those of the matchless pencil of a great living master; and if Art may attempt nothing but with the hope of entire success it would be limited indeed. In all that relates to the imitation of material nature this question is settled by the principle I have endeavoured to illustrate, that deception is in no case the end of Art; and in what relates to higher things it is a question that had better perhaps be left open. At any rate, I will not presume to settle it.

In speaking last season of that often-repeated subject, 'The Sacrifice of the Innocents,' I omitted to notice the only instance within my knowledge with which it has been touched, as I think, with true taste—an instance among the works of a painter of whom I know nothing, but from two or three very coarsely executed engravings in the volume published at Brussels of the collection of prints from the gallery of which Teniers had the care. It is a very small engraving from Domenic Feti, an Italian painter who lived in the early part of the seventeenth

century. He has made the subject subsidiary to 'The Flight into Egypt.' Joseph, as usual, leads an ass, on which Mary sits holding the Babe; and as they cross a narrow causeway they cannot avoid passing close to the bodies of two infants. The Virgin Mother lifts her veil with one hand as she looks down on them, and presses her child, with the other, closer to her bosom; while far off among distant hills a single mother flies with a child in her arms pursued by two horsemen, from whom the Holy Family are screened by some trees. In this way the two subjects are made to assist each other, and enough and not too much is indicated of the massacre. I am not aware of any similar treatment of the story, nor can I learn anything of Feti excepting from these small engravings, in none of which is the treatment of subject comparable to the one I have described.

Though Titian stands secondary to Raphael in dramatic power, as Raphael does to Titian in colour, yet instances may be selected from his works in which neither the expression nor the story could be carried further. His 'Entombment of Christ' in the Louvre, is a picture of the truest and deepest pathos, and would be so even were it unaided by its solemn evening effect. Nothing was ever conceived finer than the Mother in this picture, bowed down by sorrows but supported by the Magdalen, and contrasted by her different though equally poignant expression of grief. In a small picture by Titian, belonging to Mr. Rogers, of the apparition of our Lord in the garden to Mary, the treatment is scarcely below the subject, even in the principal figure,—but the conception of the Magdalen is beyond all praise. She seems to run forward towards her Master on her knees,—her streaming hair and drapery denoting the utmost rapidity of action, while her hand, extended to touch him, is suddenly checked by his words. It is to me by far the most expressive conception of the subject with which I am acquainted, not excepting its treatment by Raphael himself.

The Venetian painters dealt much in allegory;—but in some instances their meaning is obscure; and of one of the finest pictures of this class by Titian the key seems to me to be entirely lost. I allude to that of which the Academy possesses a copy by the late Mr. Geddes, from the original in the Borghese Palace at Rome. It is called, for want as I think of the true name, 'Sacred and Profane Love'; and is a striking proof of what I have insisted on—that the Poetry of Art is something wholly independent on subject; for this splendid work is of the most poetic order. Not but that the want of its meaning is very tantalizing,—and it is evidently full of meaning.

Had Titian intended the picture for what it is called, I am confident that he would have felt no difficulty in characterizing the personifications more clearly. But I have fancied that I could entirely read the meaning of a lesser work, 'The Ages of Human Life,' in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere.—On the right of this picture two children are asleep close to a road (the road of Life). One has been gathering flowers by the way-side, which are dropping from his hands, while a third child, who is the only one winged, is climbing the stem of a tree which is withered, signifying, possibly, the worthlessness of human pursuits. In the middle distance an old man sits on the ground in deep meditation, with a skull in each hand. Age has brought convictions that are unthought of by a young shepherd and shepherdess in the foreground. She is yet but little more than a child, and the youth seems for the first time to regard her with love,—while she, wholly unconscious of this, looks innocently in his face. Nothing can be more charming than the expression of this pair, though they might certainly have had more of personal beauty, and I remember, when I first saw the picture I felt this as a drawback, which has long ceased to be one with me, for it is with pictures as in real life,—we cease to regret the absence of beauty in those with whom we have become interested by long acquaintance.

In looking at such pictures the allegory is apt to be forgotten in the actors. You will remember the fine Paul Veronese, belonging to Mr. Hope, which was exhibited last summer at the British Gallery. I mean that in which the painter has represented himself between Virtue and Vice, and choosing Virtue. Yet he looks back, and no wonder, for Vice is the more beautiful to the eye, and the almost invisible

talons that he has placed at the ends of her fingers do not interfere with the exact symmetry of her hands and arms. Many other instances might be mentioned of allegoric invention in which the moral intention, to say the least, is rendered nugatory by the mode of treatment.

The truth is, that such subjects have probably been more often chosen with a view to the picturesque than with any very serious aim by Paul Veronese and by Rubens. The picturesque was indeed always uppermost in the mind of the latter, when the choice of his subject was left to him. In the autograph letter, preserved at Cologne, he gives as a reason for selecting the 'Crucifixion of St. Peter' as a subject to present to the church in which he was christened, that the circumstance of the head of the Saint being downward made a novel and fine incident for a picture. This is the ruling principle, also of his magnificent history of Mary de Medicis, a series of subjects which he was fortunately allowed to treat entirely in his own way,—for, however our individual tastes may object to this or that mode of treatment, it is best always that the painter should do that which he can best do. When Reynolds expressed great admiration of a style of Art entirely distinct from his own, Northcote asked him why he did not attempt something like it,—and the reply was, "A painter cannot always do what he may wish,—he must content himself with doing what he can."

But here, however, I must notice the wide difference between allegory, so lightly treated, in the hands of Paul Veronese and of Rubens, by what may properly be called *subjective* Art, that where Art is nearly everything,—and the noble use in which it may be applied, as in the example I have taken from Orcagna's 'Triumph of Death,' in which the allegory is paramount, and so simply and earnestly expressed as to be intelligible to every class of mind.—To Orcagna indeed the Art of Painting was unknown, and an objective treatment was therefore the only one possible to him.

It may seem presumptuous in one who has never been in Italy to speak of the Sistine Chapel. But I have done so on former occasions, and without a good excuse as I can now offer, the opportunity of showing you some drawings from Michael Angelo, and among them a very fine copy of the full size of the head of his Delphic Sibyl, made by the distinguished artist who preceded Mr. Howard in this place, and for the loan of which I am obliged to his son, Mr. Henry Phillips. I will not attempt to expatiate on this wonderful union of youthful beauty with inspiration. On comparing it with the best existing engraving, you will see, at once, how impossible it is to form anything like an estimate of the character and expression of the heads in the Sistine Chapel by the transcripts we possess, and how invaluable would be a series of copies of the size and excellence of this. Of the inventions and compositions only of Michael Angelo can we judge from the prints.

The Cartoon of Pisa is, as you know, a work of entire invention; and varied and admirable as are its incidents, one of the finest consists, in itself, of nothing more than the tearing of a stocking. Connected, however, with the story, and expressive of the eagerness of the veteran who forces his dripping foot through it, in his haste to obey the summons of the trumpet, it becomes heroic. Nicolo Poussin has almost exactly copied this finely conceived figure in his 'Sacrament of Baptism,' but there the action wants the motive that animates the old soldier of Michael Angelo; the garment is not torn, and the translation of the figure, bereft of so much of its meaning, cannot well be justified.

Apart from Rembrandt's want of choice in character, his powers as a dramatic painter are of the very highest order. His etchings I believe are in no instance from his pictures, but form a distinct and large class of his works. Though it is not my purpose, at present, to speak of Chiar-oscuro, yet I cannot but notice one instance among these of a truly original conception resulting from light and shade. You are all acquainted with his little picture, at Dulwich

* A society is now forming for the purpose of publishing engravings from the old masters, and there is therefore great reason to hope that, at no distant time, we may be enabled to form a much better estimate of Michael Angelo from engravings than is at present possible.

of Jacob's Dream, so poetic and so entirely unlike the treatment of the same subject by any other painter. Among his etchings there is another version of the Dream, equally original and quite distinct from this. Jacob sleeps on a platform of ground, midway in the composition, before which and him a ladder of light descends to the base of the picture, his figure being seen through its steps; a single angel ascends above, and others hover over him. We must call them angels, but they are the strange little animals that always appear as such in the works of Rembrandt, and, however unwillingly, we must be content so to receive them. Still it is impossible not to regret that this beautiful conception, so truly dreamlike, had not occurred to a painter whose notions of angelic beings accorded better with the received ones.

Another of these etchings, the reception of the Prodigal by his father, is a very fine and natural conception of the story. The poor penitent has sunk on his knees on the threshold of his early home, and with his hands clasped and not daring to look up, seeks to hide himself in the arms and ample robes that are extended in forgiveness over him. The expression of the father is equally true, nor can the common objection to Rembrandt's characters be made to the parent, though in the prodigal, one of his ugliest figures, there is some excuse for the emaciated limbs and shaggy head, as indicating the extreme wretchedness to which his follies had reduced him.

But among the etchings of Rembrandt, from which I prefer to take examples rather than from his pictures, as they are more accessible, the most admirable in conception is perhaps that from the history of Abraham, in which the Patriarch and his son are alone in the mountain.—The youth stands before his father, his hands resting on the bundle of wood. Behind Abraham is a pan of fire, and Isaac has just asked, "Where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" The unconscious manner of the boy, who does not even look at his father while asking a question that pierces through his heart, is finely contrasted with that of Abraham,—who draws near his son, looks him steadily in the face, and, with one hand on his breast as if to keep down the pangs he feels, points to Heaven with the other, while he yet avoids a direct reply. We see in his expression all we may suppose him to feel. Agony of mind which he must suppress, mixed with a dread that his own constancy may fail him, and with uncertainty of the constancy of Isaac. It is supposed that but one feeling can fill the breast at one moment; yet may we not imagine that one feeling a bitter compound of many thoughts?—I believe so,—and though it is very true that it is not in the power of Art, in every case, to explain, by itself, the nature of a strong emotion, yet it has to the utmost fulfilled its office when the expression, as in this instance, entirely corresponds with our previous knowledge of the subject.

FIVE-ART GOSSIP.—Mr. Rodd has replied at some length, and in print, to our comments on his Letter relating to the Chandos Portrait; and in it to the exhibition of a defective argument he had not added that of a defective temper we might have been inclined to discuss with him certain of his issues. Mr. Rodd, however, does more to discredit his own argument than we could do for him. The language which he employs indicates a state of mind unfavourable to sound conclusions,—while it withdraws him from any right to the courtesies of fair discussion. Opinions which Mr. Rodd bases mainly on a reference to his own superior wisdom lose something of their weight when they speak in terms which wisdom is habitually careful to shun.—Of course Mr. Rodd reiterates his belief that the Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare is an original by Cornelius Jansen, "and taken from the life." This Mr. Rodd has a very good right to do; and we should have no objection, if it might be lawful for us to keep our own opinion Mr. Rodd's notwithstanding. Mr. Rodd is as positive as ever about Jansen's manner: for he tells us,—what we had to learn—that "Jansen copied no one's style, nor was his style copied."—There is much in Mr. Rodd's letter which will make the reader smile. He is decidedly of opinion that picture-dealers are the only possible

judges in Art. "What does he"—meaning himself—"know," says Mr. Rodd, "of the composition of a picture? Did he ever clean one?"—Shade of Mr. Seguir? but this is amusing. Surely a gentleman may be a first-rate judge of the purity of a piece of linen without having washed it!—In a word, Mr. Rodd's opinion, and his argument in support of it, both are, that we know nothing of the matter and he knows all about it: and, like a man not quite satisfied of the soundness of either, he reinforces them, as he imagines, by very rude language.

There is a great scheme on foot for an extensive excavation of the ancient remains of Assyria, at Babylon as well as at Nineveh, in concert with the Sultan, who is himself forming a National Museum. After having acquired for our country at a nearly nominal expenditure a collection of such rare treasures as the Nineveh Marbles, valued at a price varying from 40,000*l.* to 50,000*l.*, our Government has granted the insignificant sum of 1,500*l.* for further researches! This is not in the spirit with which Mr. Layard's book has been received by the public: for a second edition of 2,000 copies has been sold to the trade before they were ready for issue.

The Murillo at present on view at Mr. Walton's studio in Bond Street will, we apprehend, fail to satisfy those acquainted with good examples of the master. Once, it is said, an ornament of the Alcazar, this picture has been confided for sale to some Spanish merchants in London by the Señor Don José de Loyaga, of Madrid. That it has been submitted to the English eye without the intervention of the *impaired* we cannot bring ourselves to believe: missing in it those diaphanous and sweet-coloured tones which reconcile those acquainted with Italian treatments to the peasant-like presentments of the artist. A careful investigation of the contours leads to the belief that the hardness observable, more especially in the heads of the Virgin and of the cherubs by whom she is surrounded, is the result of restorations effected by a hand which had little knowledge of or sympathy with what Mr. Stirling has so aptly designated as the *vapoury* peculiarities of the prince of Sevillean painters.

Mr. Charles Fox, the eminent line engraver and water-colour draughtsman, died at Leyton in Essex, on Thursday last of a disease of the heart. He was a native of Norfolk, and served his time as an engraver to Mr. W. C. Edwards,—known by his excellent line engravings after Vandyck's head of Inigo Jones and Jackson's portrait of Flaxman. When his time was out, Mr. Fox set off for London; and wishing to improve himself in his art, engaged himself to Mr. John Burnet as an assistant. The first plate on which he was employed by Mr. Burnet was the well-known engraving of the 'Letter of Introduction,' after Wilkie. Mr. Fox continued to assist Mr. Burnet till the time of his death; aiding and advising his master, and his master aiding and advising his assistant, in all joint and even separate undertakings. Mr. Fox's best work is his admirable large line engraving of Sir George Murray, after Pickersgill; and the most extensive undertaking which he lived to complete is the line engraving of 'Queen Victoria's First Council,' after Wilkie. His head of Mr. Burnet is finely rendered; and his small book-plate for the 'Waverley Novels' of Sir Jeffrey Hudson in the 'Tour,' after Wilkie, is not to be surpassed in its way. He was engaged at the time of his death on a large engraving of 'The Fight Interrupted,'—one of the famous Mulreadays in the Sheepshanks Collection. The etching was nearly completed,—and is very masterly. Mr. Fox's water-colour portraits,—executed for his own amusement and improvement and for the gratification of a large circle of friends—are in the best style of the art. He never missed the right expression, and his attitudes though carefully selected never showed the result of study. He took Mr. Denning for his master in this line of Art, and excelled him in breadth of handling. Had Mr. Fox chosen to follow portraiture instead of his favourite art of engraving, Mr. Richmond would not have reigned without a rival. He had a naturally good, and at the same time a finely cultivated, sense of the beautiful in Art; and was the great judge at the Chiswick Horticultural Fêtes—the principal growers, Mr. Beck of Isleworth and others, never thinking a flower well set or well grown or true in form and colour

unless Mr. Fox had pronounced such judgment on it.—He was in his 55th year.

A French paper gives the following details relating to works at the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon.—An immense circular crypt has been dug beneath the dome; within which, on three shafts of green marble the sarcophagus containing the emperor's coffin will repose. The block of porphyry which the curious are now flocking to see on the Quai d'Orsay is destined to cover the sarcophagus. A lower gallery, paved in mosaics and lined with marble bas-reliefs representing the principal events in the Emperor's life, will admit the public to circulate about the sarcophagus. Twelve colossal statues in white marble—of which six are already placed—will sustain an upper gallery whence it may be looked down on and its details examined from above. These allegorical statues, from the chisel of Pradier, represent the principal branches of human activity—Science, Legislation, War, Arts, &c. A magnificent altar of black marble veined with white rises in front of the tomb. Four large and beautiful columns, also of black and white marble, support the canopy of carved and gilt wood. Ten broad steps, each cut from a single block of Carrara marble, lead up to the funeral altar. Beneath this altar is the passage to the lower gallery above spoken of; whose entrance is guarded on either side by the tombs, in black marble, of Bertrand and Duroc—dead marshals keeping wait at the door of the imperial dead. The marbles employed in the construction of this tomb cost not less than a million and a half (60,000*l.*) in the rough:—the sculptures and bas-reliefs executed by Simart cost six hundred thousand francs (24,000*l.*) The block of porphyry for the covering of the sarcophagus weighs 45,000 kilogrammes;—its extraction and carriage to Paris cost one hundred and forty thousand francs (5,600*l.*) It comes from the shore of Lake Onega.—Between the tombs of Bertrand and Duroc a shrine will be erected to receive the sword of Austerlitz, the Imperial Crown, and eighty standards captured under the Empire.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

CIRQUE NATIONAL DE PARIS.—LAST WEEK but ONE.—Grand Equestrian Performance, EVERY EVENING—the Fête of Flowers—the Gigantic Heads—the celebrated Match of the Twenty-five Vaulters—M. Franco will exhibit his highly-trained Horses—Graceful Feats of Horsemanship, by Mendia, Caroline, Nathalie, Clarke, Amédée, Ducos, Palmyre Anato, &c. &c.; M. Loisset Sen. Newsome, Nief, young Loisset, Wehle, Candler, &c.—The Entertainments will be accompanied by the Eccentricities of Meers, Aurio, Leclair, young Aurio, and Mohamet.—Commence at Eight o'clock.
GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY; commence at Two o'clock.

The Music to Racine's 'Athalie,' with an English Adaptation of the Lyrics. By W. Bartholomew, Esq. Composed by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Op. 74. Posthumous Works, No. 2.

THE fate and fame of the 'Athalie' of Racine may at first sight appear singular and unmerited to those who find it hard to feel any enthusiasm for a drama in which every species of conventionalism is united, and more than one anachronism expressed* as well as understood—and who fancy that a French classical tragedy on a Biblical subject, written for the use of young ladies, and with choral interludes, comprises as many *un-realities* as can well be assembled within the compass of one work of Art. Seeing that the quintessential formalist for whose seminary at Saint-Cyr 'Athalie' was composed could not or would not allow it to be there represented, timid hoppers might have fancied that there was small chance of a work commanded and neglected by a De Maintenon gaining acceptance under a Parabere, or Pompadour, or Du Barri dynasty. But Boileau knew his world better when he promised the Dramatist, downcast at the rejection of 'Athalie,' that this boarding-school play should become a classic. Our neighbours—though turning away from the Oratorio with a persevering indifference—seem for the last two hundred years to have had a hankering for scriptural subjects on the stage, either thoroughly operatized or thrown into the form of the spoken play with in-

* The well-known adjurations of Noah's contumacious spouse in the old Chester Mystery are hardly so singular (the times, canons, and conditions of Art considered) as a burst like the following in an *Israelitish* drama.—

Que de son nom, que de sa gloire
Il ne reste plus de mémoire;
Que ni lui ni son Christ ne regnent plus sur nous.

roduced music. In spite, moreover, of their adherence to the unities, &c. &c., the amount of musical and dramatic experiments sanctioned by them—whether it assume the form of a setting of Anacreon's Odes, or of a symphonizing of Shakespeare's plays, or of the ballet on the story of 'Susannah' admired by *Miss Biddy Fudge*, or of M. Félicien David's no-mystery 'Eden'—has taken a range far wider than we have ever been willing to embrace. Since the first production of the 'Athalie' as a posthumous work, its choruses, lyrics, &c. have been set and re-set in France; though the oblivion into which the several attempts have fallen renders a complete catalogue of the settings here impossible. Among the more famous versions are one by the clever, laborious, and ungraceful Gossec,—and another by that more gifted but little less pains-taking worker (though he may be said to have wrought in filigree), Boieldieu.

But beyond the circle of French sympathies and French devotion—in worlds where there was no *de Sévigné* to catch the tone of the hour, of the man and of the composition as finely as that Lady did when she declared that the poet "aime Dieu comme il aime ses maîtresses; il est pour les choses saintes comme il était pour les profanes"—the 'Athalie' of Racine has been dramatically and musically in request. In Germany, the birth-land of Handel—at a period when it is more than probable that the fact of the Giant having set the same scriptural story in a musical form was unknown—we find that some half century after the production of 'Athaliah' in barbarous England a version of the choruses to Racine's 'Athalie' was set by John Abraham Peter Schulz, Concert-master to the notorious Prince Henry of Prussia and afterwards *Kapellmeister* at Copenhagen. This was a composer of some learning and enterprise, who seems to have tried his hand upon some of the most popular subjects of the day—to have broken one lance with Handel's 'Messiah' by writing on the same august theme, another with Paisiello by setting 'Il Barbiere,' and a third with Berton by giving his version of 'Aline.' But how odd is Fame! The above works of pretension and skill live but in the pages of a biographical dictionary; whereas the 'Rheinweinlied,' a trifle probably thrown off by Schulz to please some jolly companions who must have easy music to clink their full glasses to,—has travelled from one end of Europe to another. More recently the choruses to 'Athalie' were set (with an eye to Paris rather than to Berlin perhaps) by Mozart's bugbear and Weber's master, that ingenious yet somewhat empirical genius the Abbé Vogler.

Once late a taste or a reputation take root and become a tradition—and the number of shocks, casualties, and vicissitudes through which it will contrive to live and to influence its possessors is sufficient to baffle calculation. Could Frederic the Great—the friend of Voltaire,—the despotic amateur who would play three flute *concertos* at every evening's concert,—the King who did not think it beneath his philosophy or dignity angrily to combat the caprices of a *Mara*—look out from his tomb in the *Garnison Kirche* at Potsdam, might he not exclaim, like the French monarch (albeit without the "Jarni!") "I know my Prussia no longer!" Let Freiligrath sing what would be the philosophical despot's amazement on encountering such romantic innovators as a Ronge—or a Meyerbeer! But amid the revolutions which have taken place in Belief, Opinion, and Art, it is strange to perceive that the love for that which seems to us of all factitious things the most factitious, of all national things the most national—the classical drama of France—has survived in Germany. Those who have been at all able to keep pace with his present Majesty of Prussia in his devotional dilettantism will without much trouble understand why the very qualities belonging to 'Athalie' which repel our sympathies should invite those of a Court at once sentimentally devout and pedantically classical. Accordingly, 'Athalie' was again disinterred a few years since; and as Mendelssohn was then *serious* Court composer, and since none of the former French or German musical essays had been successful, he was commissioned to re-set the interludes of Racine.

The remembrance of these facts throws a light and a lustre upon the music thus produced—the commencement at least of which could hardly have been a labour of love. Flat, however, and inflated as

Racine's lyrics seem to us, they are too strictly accordant with the canons of French versification and too highly polished to be beyond the pale of a real musician's sympathies when he had once wrought himself into the story, the manner of its treatment, and the *hoop-and-powder* formality of its style. At least, there are few signs in Mendelssohn's music of its being produced *invidiâ Minervæ*. All must admire the manner in which the composer has availed himself of the resources of his art, under conditions little less arbitrary than those which attended his setting of the 'Antigone' choruses—but none can lament over the work as a piece of labour lost or effect failed. It is stately, spirited, various, and highly finished; and even when divested of all the scenic arrangements which belong to it, will prove, we are inclined to think, steadily and permanently attractive—beside the 'Joseph' of Méhul, the solitary specimen of sacred stage-music which is substantial enough to bear transplantation into a sacred concert-room.

This statement, however, must not suffice by way of criticism; and since, on every account, some understanding of the conditions under which it was written and some knowledge of its several parts and proportions are necessary to the enjoyment of the music to 'Athalie' about to be produced in England, we shall return to the work again: having on the present occasion rambled away so far into anecdote as to have no room left for analysis.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—A legacy from Miss Fenn, the grand-daughter of Dr. Boyce, to the amount of 1,000*l.*, has just been announced as a recent addition to the treasury of the Royal Society of Musicians.—Those who meddle with *Saique* laws, we are aware, have no light task before them; but an attentive perusal of the statutes of this same *Royal Society* has convinced us that reform is eminently needed if in any respect it is to keep pace with the time. Such progress must have been expected by the founders, since a clause in the charter expressly ordains that—"the members have full power to make, constitute, and ordain such statutes, bye-laws, and ordinances which shall appear to them to be good, necessary, and expedient for the government, order and regulation of the said society, and every member thereof; and for effectually carrying into execution the charitable purposes and intentions thereof; and at their will and pleasure to revoke, change, and alter the same, or any of them, and the said Statutes, bye-laws, and ordinances, not being repugnant to the law and statutes of this realm."

It would be a pity if the framers of this charter should prove to have been in advance of their descendants. This legacy of Miss Fenn's (joined to rumoured applications to Mdle. Jenny Lind which have recently been going the round of the press) gives us an excellent opportunity of putting one or two home questions, and of calling attention to one or two points which are ill-considered, if not unjust. On what pretext of Art, Nature, or Humanity is it that the *Royal Society of Musicians* admits no female members? To eyes unused to charters and to the quibbles which (barnacle-wise) encrust the same, there seems nothing organic in the laws or statutes, even as they stand, to forbid such memberships; and yet it was the exclusive "No" of the *Royals* which led to Miss Masson's energetic and successful efforts to found a Society of Female Musicians. It appears to the eyes of common sense a fantastic and irrational thing to open the doors of relief to the irreluctant of a Trumpeter, or the daughter of one who has been a brave Bassoon in his day, and to declare that the Pianist and the Harpist is ineligible for admission merely because she does not wear doublet and hose.—The wholesale exclusion of singers, members of the Choral Fund, &c., appears to us no less at variance with a truly artistic spirit; since it is to be hoped that singers may sometimes deserve the "style and title" of musicians as well as the beaters of drums, or the *janissary folk* who devote their energies to cymbal, triangle, and Chinese bells,—and who, according to the letter of present interpretation, are eligible as members.—To return to our first objection—besides being despotically capricious, this Median and Persian edict against women seems to us rather mean so long as men are willing to benefit by a Miss Fenn's beneficence,—to entrust a Mdle. Lind to sing them a check for 500*l.*, or more,—or (what is worse) to profit by the services of any less famous *soprano* who has before her eyes "the fear of making enemies" were she to refuse to

sing for a charity in which—if solitary and as such most in need of assistance—she has neither part nor share! Such inconsistency reminds us of a whimsical anecdote, which we beg leave to quote from a *funct* periodical,—vouching, at the same time, for its authenticity. The writer was speaking of life in Guiana, and of the weary lot of an English lady who is—

"wearing out hope, energy, and genius in trying under the possible conditions to civilize her husband's negroes,—her own life peradventure being the saddest slavery of all. On some birthday or anniversary," continues the narrative, "the holiday was to be kept by a great dinner at the cost of the lady. This by no means meant permission to turn the tables, but to make a feast for herself, and to give the ladies of the bill of fare by the mistress, the arrangement of the tables, and, during the morning some personal superintendence of the pots and pans, since the *Ariadne* and *Philoctetes* were apt to turn lazy and 'let things burn' if 'mistress' failed to overlook them. Well, the broiling, and boiling, and frying, and stewing on the most liberal scale were at last happily through, and the lady of—retired to her bower with the poor gentleman safe for three minutes at peace ere he was joined by a whimpering chorus from *Andromache* and *Philoctetes*, *Nausicaa*, and heaven knows how many more *ebon* *Grecians* and Goddesses! 'Well! what now?' said the weary priestess, laying aside her book with a sigh. It appeared that the gentlemen would not allow the plaintiffs to sit down at table with them. 'It was not,' they insisted, 'ladies' party!'"

Since, probably, at the One Hundred and Eleventh Anniversary Festival of the *Royal Society of Musicians*, which is to be held on the 22nd of this month, a report of Miss Fenn's legacy and of the petition to Mdle. Lind will be laid on the table, we beg to contribute the above anecdote as an opportune addition to the mirth and the wisdom of the assembly. There can be, seriously, small earthly reason why inconsistencies so flagrant as the one to which we call attention should not be at once examined into and seriously dealt with.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Signor Costa has already brought the Sacred Harmonic Society many steps nearer to a perfect execution of 'Israel' than it has ever before stood. The intonation of the singers can be still mended, in one or two of the more difficult choruses; particularly in 'He went in thick darkness,' 'And with the blast,' and in the favourite of ours 'The people shall hear'—music how much newer than if it had been written yesterday! These are most of, if not all, the faults of execution calling for remark—since otherwise the choruses went excellently. The organ part written by Mendelssohn which was used relieved the full orchestra from those harsh confusions which we have been accustomed to hear; while the wind-accompaniment added by Signor Costa with unobtrusive delicacy and sound judgment illustrated in another most important point the recent gains of the Society. As for the Oratorio itself, each new hearing tends to its exaltation, and tempts anew every hearer who has a touch of poetry or of music in his nature to enthusiasm. We were struck yesterday week with the great loftiness of the *solo* music,—the duett for the two *sopranos* excepted, which is merely a pleasant piece of old-fashioned warbling calling for young voices unimpeachably in tune. This portion of 'Israel' has been undervalued, owing to the overwhelming splendour of the choruses—yet more because it is generally its fate to be under-sung. Yet the least *bravura* 'The enemy said' might be made as inspiring as 'Sound an alarm,' if given in the true trumpet-tones of triumph which belong to it. Then, too, the *soprano* air 'Thou didst blow' is waiting for a *Miriam* who feels the grandeur of the situation, and does not confine herself to considering the flowing passages as things to be evenly executed. Miss Birch must be called to account for her utterly mistaken version of 'Sing ye unto the Lord.' Though we admit, we enjoy, a shake at the close of the chœur's warranted and needful—we cannot bear it three times used—neither as thrust in by the lady on the "gloriously." Still less is it sufferable that a *cantilena* which is to be followed by a chorus should be sung so entirely out of *tempo* as totally to destroy

* There is some tradition of an amazing *roulade* in this place (probably on the word "thrown") made by Madame Mara, the effect of which was electrical. All this is susceptible of ornament; as such appealing to degrees of the highest class, and demanding as much judgment as executive power. In these days, however, the latter is much treated as if it precluded the former.

the idea of response. This is not Handel's: the response is not recitative, but Miriam's "answer,"—written in bars, and, as such, its motion and proportion to be respected. What we have complained of are technical faults,—the cure of which is easy:—supposing them to be cured, the singer might still remain without the confines of the world of the highest poetry in any language. The golden gates of this are closed to few; and had we not heard Malibran utter the song of Miriam like a Prophetess, with a spirit in every tone and a triumph in every word that absolutely made her solitary voice grander than the full chorus, we might fancy that excess of admiration makes us captious and craving. But it is not so:—only, the finer that our general style of choral performance becomes, the more do we feel the need of corresponding improvement in the solo singers. Miss Dolly and Mr. Lockey sang the smooth duet 'Thou art my mercy' better than we ever heard it given.—Mr. Phillips and Mr. Machin 'The Lord is a man of war' so spiritedly as to be encored. The 'Hailstone chorus' and the opening chorus of the second part were repeated. The hall was very full.

ST. JAMES'S.—French Comic Opera.—Those silly people who imagine that to disparage trash is to discountenance all that is simple, graceful, and pleasing in Art are hereby desired to go and hear Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion* in King Street. Yet the classical execution is by no means *sans reproche*. Admirably as M. Coudere acts, his voice will no longer bear him bravely through *Blondel's* music: while M. Bonnamy sings the part of the captive March in a painful and ill-used tone,—not put on with the character, and therefore calculated to excite other than sad emotions. But the charm of the music, when it is not swallowed up in a too great area—as was the case at Covent Garden in 1842 [see *Ath.* No. 781]—was felt on Monday as completely as though it had been a surprise. Some of the French *cognoscenti* have characterized Grétry as the one who painted capital portraits but could not compose a picture. The *not* is quite too fine to impair our pleasure. The *naïf*, quaint, winning flow of melody, the total absence of languor or of vulgarity or of commonplace, the sense of the picturesque and of the picturesque which pervade this Opera, make it a master-work of its class. May we never hear a note by Gluck performed in the high classical style (at present our strongest musical claim) if we cease to take the liveliest pleasure in the music of Grétry! The score used at Mr. Mitchell's theatre is that re-scored by M. Adam some years ago, on the revival of the work at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris. But Grétry, as we know, did not believe in the orchestra—leaving many of his later operas to be scored by M. Paneron *père*: and on the whole M. Adam has applied the new colours of our day to the elder work with discretion. The store indifference of the *Liégeois* being a musical fact, it would have been no sin, we think, to have replaced 'Richard' by a new overture, to replace the mercilessly long *pot-pourri* which at present ushers in it.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday, 'Othello' was revived; with Mr. Wallack as the Moor, Mr. Keen as Iago, Miss Laura Addison as Desdemona, Mrs. Keen as Emilia, and Mr. Creswick as Cassio. Such was the cast,—a managerial caprice, in which novelty rather than fitness has been consulted. Mr. Wallack as Othello is a quiet old gentleman, much abused, and carefully expressing himself in very good blank verse;—Mr. Keen as Iago is a kind of puritan preacher who avenges on his friends the wrongs of the world by a well-calculated scheme of hypocrisy and self-seeking;—Mr. Creswick as Cassio is a pedant who measures out every syllable of his utterance, and is so careful of proprieties that to make him drunk, which the scene required, was like performing a miracle;—and Mrs. Keen, wanting physical robustness for such a part as Emilia, converts the attendant into a lady of cautious and genteel manners who certainly would never have stolen a handkerchief or held the convenient opinions ascribed to her by Shakespeare. We make these remarks not to disparage the merits of the individual performers; but to show how mis-suited they have been with their respective parts in the

desperate attempt to present an old play under a new aspect. Miss Addison's *Desdemona* was, however, an exception to the incongruous rule of the evening. Had her performance been less monotonous and less constrained in its general style, it would have been still more pleasing. One passage, the vehement declaration of her innocence, told with much effect. Mr. Wigan, also, must be named as an exception. His *Roderigo* was good; and the part which he bore in the business of the play, though subordinate, was a relief amidst the series of cross-purposes that perplexed the mind in the main passages. The house was well attended.

OLYMPIC.—On Monday, Fletcher's comedy of 'The Woman Hater,' arranged and reduced to three acts by Mr. Spicer, was revived. It is a curious and interesting picture of ancient manners,—remarkable rather for the humour of its situations than for the brilliancy of its wit. The action as now modified is very rapid, and the incidents amuse as much by their number as by their strangeness. The interest depends on the fortunes of three individuals:—a young lady, Oriana (Mrs. Stirling) sister to Count Valore (Mr. Murray)—a dissatisfied widow and woman-hater, Gondarino (Mr. Stuart)—and a hungry parasite, Lazarillo (Mr. Compton). The last is the low comedy person of the drama; and in characters of its description Mr. Compton merits the name of a classical actor. The part of Lazarillo is poetical; the courtier's appetite for his fish-head being expressed in the choicest blank verse, and his sorrow and despair for its loss in strains like those of an Othello or a Wolsey when defeated in love or in ambition. The fish capable of exciting such passion is called by the poet the Umbra:—like the sturgeon, it was of old esteemed a royal fish. The original story is told in 'Paulus Jovius.' Sent as a present to one person, forwarded by him to another, and by the last to yet another,—poor Lazarillo keeps in chase of it, and contrives all kinds of introductions: until at last at the house of a courtesan he fairly comes up with the object of his pursuit and partakes of it at supper. Mr. Compton's acting throughout was in perfect keeping; his finished style made the *outré* probable and the quaint comic. In *Gondarino* Mr. Stuart was less happy. His performance was full of good intention,—but it was too anxious in its action to be distinctly expressive. There wanted light and shade,—and above all repose. The excess of gesticulation is not only extravagance,—it confounds meaning. In the last scene, however, where as a punishment for his calumnies against the sex Gondarino is condemned to be bound and teased by a company of women, this very fault came in aid of the situation,—which excited uproarious laughter. Mrs. Stirling, as the bold and persevering heroine who had resolved on persecuting, at whatever personal risk, the provoking woman-hater, had a character exactly suited to her genius,—and made the most of it. The other parts are but sketches—they were adequately filled. The *mise en scène* of the whole was good; and in these days of revivals this curious old piece of humour forms an agreeable variety—very welcome to the literary antiquary.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The production on Thursday of 'The Honest Man's Fortune'—remodelled for the stage from Beaumont and Fletcher's copy by Mr. Horne, the author of 'Gregory the Seventh,'—is an event of interest in the history of modern revivals. It brings together the old and the new in dramatic poetry,—and causes in a manner the genius of the two to coalesce. Mr. Horne's mind has been so formed in the study of the Elizabethan drama that he has effected with apparent ease the alterations and additions introduced into the present version. It has the merit of seeming "all of a piece," notwithstanding the numerous interpolations and minute corrections. Mr. Horne has thoroughly gone over the old play; not only re-distributing and extending the scenes of the original, but also supplying motives and substituting incidents where these were wanting. A pleasing play, full of business and with an interesting story, is the result.

The "honest man" is a certain Lord Montague (Mr. Phelps), who has been ruined by *The Duke of Orleans* (Mr. Marston) from motives of jealousy touching *The Duchess of Orleans* (Miss Huddart),

His vengeance is wreaked in the shape of a law-suit which deprives Montague of his estate. The Duke follows up his triumph by stripping the Duchess of her jewels and turning her out of doors. Montague, meanwhile, having compromised with his creditors, is permitted by them to retain a few hundred louis d'ors with which to recommence the world as a merchant. But, ignorant of the ways of the market, he falls a victim to three sharpers—*Laverdine*, a fop (Mr. Scharf), *La Poop*, a pretended sea-captain (Mr. Bennett), and *Malicorn*, a swindling merchant (Mr. Younge). Worse off than before, he becomes serving-man to the great heiress, *Lady Lamira* (Miss Cooper)—at whose chateau the Duchess of Orleans has also found refuge. The generous lady keeps open house,—her gardens are free to all visitors; and she is pestered with suitors. Among them are the three sharper acquaintances of Montague,—who presumptuously insult the fallen nobleman in her presence. Their conduct, however, has a different result from what they had expected. The lady sympathizes with the patient sufferer; and falling in love with him, ultimately elects him for a husband.—The whole play is well wrought up to this *dénouement*. The honest man up to that point has had simply to bear and forbear; but then, gorgeously dressed by the mistress's command and free to speak, he utters a torrent of vituperative declamation against the three villains respectively, which gives to the catastrophe of the drama the charm of poetical justice.—The three subordinate agents alluded to are important factors in the piece. The humour of the comic scenes lies within their girdle. They are of the braggadocio, knavish and cowardly class which the twin-dramatists delighted to delineate. One of them Mr. Horne has taken under his own especial patronage. The character of *La Poop* he has so enlarged and intensified that it will bear a favourable comparison with the celebrated Bobadil himself. Mr. Bennett performed it with excellent gusto—he was decidedly the hero of the evening. Mr. Phelps suffered from the inactivity of the character of Montague during the earlier scenes; but maintained throughout such a bearing as kept expectation alive, and was well rewarded for his pains by the grand opportunity afforded in the last act.—We should have mentioned that by the course of events, though not until after a duel on her account, the Duke of Orleans becomes convinced of his wife's innocence. The episode, however, is not one of much interest,—and Mr. Horne has used in relation to it the pruning-knife unsparingly. The piece was well put on the stage, with abundant pictorial accessories,—and was eminently successful.

MARYLEBONE.—On Monday, a new piece entitled 'The Dream of Life,' from the pen of Mr. Watts, was produced. The subject is the reformation of a drunkard, by exhibiting to him in a dream the course of the drunkard's life as leading to crime and penal death. The arrangement of the visions was clever, and some of the scenes were effective. But in favour of this class of productions there is not much to be said. The piece was successful.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Among the latest rumours of the week is this,—that Mdlle. Lind having relinquished her purpose of singing in concerts for Mr. Lumley, is about ere long to be heard in six grand performances of sacred music at Exeter Hall under the direction of M. Benedict. Mdlle. Lind is wise, as we have heretofore said, in giving this direction to her career; for, in the present state of the profession as regards *soprani* capable of sacred music, she is thereby removed beyond the reach of rivalry,—"placed," as we said awhile since, "on her own peculiar pedestal." But, since giving the great works of the Oratorio writers on the "star system" will by no means answer, we shall be glad to hear of due arrangements made in provision of chorus and orchestra sufficient for Exeter Hall.

Meanwhile, the question is rising into a *crucenda*, What is *Her Majesty's Theatre* to do? We have heard by way of answer the names of Madame Stoltz, Madame Frezzolini, Madame Rossi-Caccia—also that attempts have been made to steal Madame Ugualde-Baucé from the *Opéra Comique*. The French journals are asserting that the sum of 4,000*l.* for the full season has been offered by way of enticement,

Such measures, by the way, are among the secrets of management which in worlds where "meum" and "tuum" are understood in a sense less theatrical bear a hard name. The Parisian managers, on the other hand, have taken peremptory measures to prevent the departure of their favourite vocalist. But, seeing that "will and way" are synonymous, we have little doubt that Madame Ugalde-Baucé will shortly be heard in London: and we wait with more than usual interest for the brilliancy described as so hyper-brilliant [*ante*, p. 50] by M. Berlioz.—Whatever be its effect, we dare prophesy that not one of the other three ladies named will take Middle. Lind's place of popularity; and since, for her "bright particular" sake, the maintenance of even a second-rate company was neglected at *Her Majesty's Theatre*—the corps virtually consisting of herself, Signor Gardoni, and a quartet of *bassi* [*vide Ath.* No. 1087].—Mr. Lumley has now to meet two difficulties—his great loss in the lady,—and the ruin caused by his exhausting system which has utterly destroyed the musical reputation of his theatre. His game, heavy as were the odds, might a couple of months since have been played by any one possessing musical knowledge, promptitude, and foresight. We imagine that the day of empirical policy is over: and the proprietors of boxes and stalls must now be looking with some anxiety for the programme of the coming season,—which ought to commence shortly, or which must be protracted into Autumn later than is convenient to the Londoner.

The lovers of the grandest violin-playing extant, will hear with great pleasure that Herr Ernst is expected in London on the 15th inst. to pass the season here.

We record the recent death of Sir George Warrender on the ground of his musical amateurship and of the active part which some twenty years ago he was accustomed to take in all matters connected with the art.

The *Gazette Musicale* speaks in language rather tepid for a French journal of Middle. Alboni's attempt at the *soprano* repertory as *Ninetta* in 'La Gazza.' Large transpositions were inevitable, by which much of the brightness of the music must be lost; yet, after all, the duet 'Ebben' had to be sung by two *contraltos*. With all her great expressive powers and brilliant execution as a singer, the lady is not actress enough to carry off such usurpations by her dramatic energy or originality. Everybody has good cause to hope, for everybody's sake, that Middle. Alboni may soon return to her sober *contralto* senses.

In a recent number we were enabled to offer evidence that the musical activity of Germany is not utterly paralyzed. The Oratorio of Herr Emil Naumann is a work of good augury. It is said that Herr Schumann (whose Pianoforte Quintett a competent witness encouraged us to recommend some few weeks since) has finished an opera which will shortly be produced at Leipzig. We are told, too, that Herr David has been composing some new concert pieces for the violin, which are of the best possible quality. The old 'Donauweibchen' of Kauer has been revived at Hamburg. The birthday of Mozart has been celebrated at Berlin by a performance of 'Le Nozze.' Herr Rummel of Wiesbaden, well known as a *Kapellmeister* of the second rank, is just dead. Thus much from Germany.—In Italy, the condition of affairs is one of almost universal ruin and stagnation.—What is Herr Gade doing, who has gone home to Denmark? A new opera by Herr Gläser, 'A Marriage on the Lake of Como,' has been successful at Copenhagen: the book is by the "trusty and well-beloved" Hans Christian Andersen.—In spite of all the money lavished on Music in Russia, its known contributions to Art are now smaller than ever.—How is it that Belgium, so rich in executant artists and not poor in imagination, as her school of painters honourably shows, will not give us a composer?—As for Holland, Music seems in that interesting country to move down a channel (or canal?) of its own, the course of which few will take the pains to follow. The solitary evidence of life which comes from thence is a notice once in every two or three years of the operations of the "Society of the Low Countries,"—which is quietly proceeding with the republication of ancient music on the principle of our own antiquarian societies.

MISCELLANEA

Confusion in the Nomenclature of London Streets.—To find the various localities would be difficult enough—from the prodigious number of streets, squares, crescents, lanes, courts, alleys, roads, terraces, and "places"—if all the first were called by different names. Why, then, complicate the science of London topography by repeating for new streets the names of old ones? The street branch of Mr. Kelly's big book records the existence, in various parts of the town, of 37 King Streets, 27 Queen Streets, 22 Prince Streets, and 17 Duke Streets. Charles Streets abound to the number of 35, John Streets 29, James Streets 15, George Streets 21, and ditto "yards" 13, besides thoroughfares with the prefixes Robert, Thomas, Frederick, Charlotte, and Mary, too abundantly tedious to particularize. Anomalies also abound:—There are North and South Streets which lie east and west, and 10 East Streets and 11 West Streets which point to a sufficient variety of directions to box the compass. Our ancient metropolis prides herself upon 24 "New" Streets, although some of them rank among her antiquities—but will not own to more than 1 Old Street. She has no fewer than 18 York Places, 16 York Streets, 14 Cross Streets, 13 Crown Courts, 19 Park Places, 16 Union Streets, 10 Wellington Places, 10 Gloucester Streets, and 13 Gloucester Places. The suburbs reveal their modernness and the loyalty of their owners by displaying—generally in letters whose size bears comparison with that of the houses themselves—"Victoria," or "Albert," or "Victoria and Albert" streets, squares, terraces and groves, in 25 instances.—*Daily News*.

General Post-Office.—Notice to the Public.—From the 1st inst. the postage upon all late letters posted at the provincial offices, as well as the late letter fee, must be paid by attaching the requisite number of postage stamps. As any late letter not bearing the requisite stamps, as determined by the office scales, must be detained until the next despatch, the public are advised in every case in which such detention would be inconvenient carefully to avoid all doubt as to the sufficiency of the stamps. As this arrangement will facilitate the receipt of late letters, the hours of closing the late letter boxes have been revised throughout the kingdom, and they will, whenever practicable, be kept open later than heretofore.

Arctic Expedition.—The Admiralty have ordered fifty tin cylinders to be manufactured at Woolwich Dockyard, for distribution among the whalers proceeding on their perilous service in the spring for the purpose of conveying intelligence to the Arctic Expedition. The pattern cylinder has been made at the metal mills at Chatham, and on being submitted to the Admiralty their Lordships approved of the specimen.—*United Service Gazette*.

"A Six Years' Darting of a Pigmy Size."

Mighty prophet, seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest
That we are searching all our lives to find,
In darkness lost.
A cherub, with closed wings, some six years' old—
Wrapt in the visionary trance divine,
What heaven and earth—what sea and sky are thine!
With powers celestial commune thou dost hold—
And the young soul, what never can be told,
Tells to herself—in the most holy place,
Speaking with God, like Moses, face to face,
In all her native honours uncontrolled.
In the green bushy meadow there is he,
The gentle little young one, gathering flowers.
To him these green fields are celestial bowers;
Angels are with him on the sunny lea:
Break not the rapt communion of those hours,
Nor chase the visions you no more can see.

J. C.
Manchester Examiner.

A Block of Gold.—An extraordinary report, emanating from a highly respectable source,—and possibly, the information about which the *New York Herald* expressed itself incredulous—is, that the United States Government has received information of a single block of gold, worth 12,000*l.*, having been obtained in its new Pacific territory; the weight being 250 lb., whereas 20 lb. to 30 lb.—is, we believe, the heaviest ever discovered in any other part of the world.—*Globe*.

Slavery in Maryland.—A curious question under the laws of slavery has been decided in the Maryland Court of Appeals. Some time ago a wealthy gentleman died, having by will given freedom to certain of his slaves. There is a legacy duty payable in Maryland on all estates bequeathed by will:—and the

registrar of the district in which the gentleman resided claimed from the executors the amount of this duty on the appraised value of the manumitted slaves. The claim was resisted, on the ground that freedom to a slave is not such a legacy of estate as is contemplated by the law; but the Court of Appeals has decided otherwise, holding that the bequest of freedom to a slave—that is, of a man to himself—is precisely similar in legal intent and effect to the bequest of a slave to any other person. The executors have been required to pay the duty.—*Rochester North Star*.

Travelling in England and in India.—It is scarcely fifty years, says the *Bombay Times*—speaking of the arrival in that port of a little yacht, of 140 tons burthen, belonging to a Mr. Sheddin, formerly of the Indian navy, and who is now on a pleasure trip round the world—since a trip to Paris was an event in a man's life to be talked of and bequeathed to the memory of his children; while a journey to Vienna gave the fortunate individual a right to preface every third story with "When I was on the Danube." A voyage to India occupied six months; and Governors-General—at least, so says Mill—were enabled to suppress despatches in the certainty of a twelve-month's respite. Now, in England men whirl along at 50 miles an hour, and act at a speed that leaves all thought behind. "We ride on vapour, speak by the lightning, and have our portraits taken by a sun-beam." To crown all, we have now a gentleman in a little yacht on a pleasure trip round the world. He has visited the Orkneys, the Brazils, the Cape, Madagascar, and Bombay, since he left England; and is now about to visit Japan and Kamtschatka on his way home—each of them associated in ordinary little men in odd dresses and great satraps whose *penchant* is suicide. Such is the spirit of England.—In India, alas! we are far less fortunate. We travel as Aurungzebe did. We continue to use men as beasts of burden—and, with the exception of the steamers, cannot be said to have improved in our means of travelling for 2,000 years. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the movement has not rather been retrograde; as the ancient rulers, with all their misgovernment, knew the value of roads. Mr. Sheddin, the Anglo-Saxon, on a trip round the world, and the Bengalee floating down the Ganges with his arms on his knees, his fingers outspread, and his whole body an incarnation of sloth, are perhaps the most opposite extremes of the human race that we could imagine. Even in our river steamers we are far behind England. The vessels in use for passengers are still clumsy and too deep in the water; and for eight months in the year they are compelled to creep through the Sunderbunds and occupy twenty days in the journey to Allahabad, a distance of little more than 750 miles. A screw steamer built for passengers alone, and drawing 2½ feet, would navigate the Bhagerutee at all seasons of the year, and reach Allahabad in seven days at an average rate of eight miles an hour—and would be always full.

Brian Boroihme's Harp.—It is well known that the great monarch Brian Boroihme was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. He left his son Donagh his harp, but Donagh having murdered his brother, Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till Pope Clement sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanciarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came by a lady of the De Burgh family into that of McMahon of Glenagh in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Counsellor McNamara, of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is thirty-two inches high and of good workmanship—the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally—the extremity of the uppermost arm is part is capped with silver, well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost.—*Tipperary Free Press*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. C.—W. L.—T. C. B.—Epigrams.—A. S.—W. A. A. Frequenter of the Museum.—T. B. S.—N. J. H.—R. F. W.—C. T.—W. H.—J. F. H.—W. P.—Anti-Iconoclast—received.

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1. That to all policies existing at the date of each septennial investigation a proportion of profit shall be assigned, but shall not be payable until the policy shall have existed five years.
 2. That during the interval between each septennial investigation, the Directors shall have power to appropriate an annual bonus to all policies which may become claims during the period then current.

The Directors, after the fullest consideration, believe that the principle of division adopted by this Company, with these modifications above referred to, is, for all classes of the assured, the most equitable of any that has yet been promulgated.

By order of the Board,
 GILBERT L. FINLAY, Manager.
 Wm. Dickson, Secretary.
 Edinburgh, 22, George-street, 1st February, 1849.

N.B. Parties assuring on the Participation Plan before 31st August next will thus be entitled to a share of the profits then to be divided.

UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
 FIRE LIFE ANNUITIES.
 Cornhill and Baker-street, London; College-green, Dublin; and Esplanade, Hamburg.

Instituted A.D. 1714.
 WILLIAM NOTTIDGE, Esq., Chairman.
 NICHOLAS CHAMBERLAIN, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

THE LIFE BONUS OF THE YEAR 1848, of two-thirds of the profits of the LIFE DEPARTMENT, has been this day declared; and, with the exception of a reserve of 20,000, the amount towards the next bonus, in 1853, is payable upon the sum insured, at the rate of 10s. per cent. per annum for the last seven years, on policies of Great Britain upon the profit system, and according to the number of annual premiums paid on each since the last declaration; and is equal to 20 per cent. on the premiums upon the average of lives between the ages of twenty and forty, and 25 per cent. upon those between twenty and sixty. The premiums are also much reduced on insurances effected without profits.

Loans granted on the policies of this office.
 THOMAS LEWIS, Secretary.
 February 9, 1849.
 The system of returning Profits on Fire Insurances was adopted at the foundation of the Union Society in the year 1714.

Agents desired in places where none are at present appointed.

PELICAN LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE.
 70, Lombard-street, and 57, Charing-cross, London.
 Established 1797.

NOTICE.—FOUR-FIFTHS of the net Profits realized by the Company from Insurances effected upon the Participating Scale of Premiums allotted agreeably to the conditions of the Policy, every Seven Years, commencing from the 3rd of July, 1846.

The following is a specimen of the Bonuses declared at the first septennial investigation up to the 2nd of July, 1847:

Age when Assured.	Sum Assured.	Number.	Amount.	Sum Bonused.	Per cent. on Premium Paid.
15	£300	8	£315 0	£164 16 8	£30 4 4
25	5000	7	775 16 8	347 13 4	44 10 3
35	2500	6	431 17 6	193 18 0	40 11 8
45	2000	6	404 0 0	172 6 7	37 11 8

The following is a specimen of the Annual Premiums required for the Assurance of £100 on a single life:—

Age.	Without Profit.	With Profit.	Age.	Without Profit.	With Profit.
15	£1 11 0	£1 15 0	40	£3 19 10	£3 6 5
20	1 13 0	1 19 3	50	4 9 0	4 10 7
25	2 4 0	2 10 4	60	6 1 0	6 7 4

MEDICAL, INVALID, AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY. 35, Pall Mall, London.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.
 At the last Annual Meeting, held on the 30th November, 1848, it was shown that the business of this Society had materially increased during the past year: 565 new policies were issued, yielding in annual Premiums 7,690l. 12s.

A bonus was also declared, by which nearly 3 per cent. premium was added to all the participating policies. The following tables will show the effect of this bonus on healthy lives, and on the most numerous class of diseased lives:—

Bonus to Policies issued on Healthy Lives at the age of 30 and 60

No. of Annual Premiums paid.	Sum Assured.	Bonus added.	Sum now payable.	No. of Annual Premiums paid.	Sum Assured.	Bonus added.	Sum now payable.
7	1000	114 15	1114 15 9	1	1000	111 10	1111 10 7
1	1000	16 12	2106 12 3	4	1000	27 6	5107 6 7

Bonus to Policies issued on Consumptive Lives at the age of 30 and 60

No. of Annual Premiums paid.	Sum Assured.	Bonus added.	Sum now payable.	No. of Annual Premiums paid.	Sum Assured.	Bonus added.	Sum now payable.
7	1000	175 17	1175 17 1	7	1000	254 15	2154 15 3
4	1000	105 6	8105 6 1	4	1000	150 15	2150 15 3
1	1000	57 13	2107 13 3	1	1000	29 4	5109 4 3

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